WITHIN THE VAIL

CHAPMAN

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WITHIN THE VAIL.

BY

JOHN A. CHAPMAN.

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TO

TWO GOOD WOMEN,

MARY,

COMPANION, FRIEND, WIFE,

AND TO

MRS. CAROLINE COLEMAN,

HONOLULU,

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ARGUMENT.

The theme of DARKNESS AND LIGHT is the existence of Moral Evil. The conclusion arrived at is, that God in no sense is its author, but that its origin is in the misuse of their freedom by intellectual beings.

In THE SCIENTIST, THE MYSTIC, and THE LOVER, it is the aim of the author to give the essential ideas of three different schools of thought. That of the Scientist, which accounts for all phenomena by the operation of laws inherent in nature, without an intelligent care-taking First Cause. That of the Mystic, which recognizes God, and, feeling a sense of alienation from Him, seeks happiness, perfection, and union with Him, by the suppression and eradication of the natural senses, regarding them as enemies to good. That of the Lover, which regards the unperverted senses as the gifts of God, and that union with Him, and happiness, are to be attained, not by their suppression and eradication, but by their sanctification and dedication to good uses.

In SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW the leading idea is, that good thoughts and those things only which are good, can have any permanent or eternal existence; all other things are merely shadows. The author aims also to give a picture of that perfect state of society which, he believes, is soon to appear on earth.

In the LOST SOUL, the effort is to give a picture of the real state of one ruined through ambition.

Many forms of Religion are glanced at in THE GARDEN, and the largest charity is extended to those forms usually esteemed erroneous.

"WITHIN THE VAIL" is sacred to the memory of a lovely and much loved friend, who has lately passed within.

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DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

I wish to trace the progress of a soul,
From dark to light. Disturbed by seeing much
Of wrong in all the movements of the world,
The quick, impatient temper of the man
Leads him to doubt, if not deny the power,
And e'en the being of the Supreme Good.
He goes through many phases of strange thought,
Through mazes that do seem to have no clue,
Through many things save shipwreck of himself
And his own Soul, but these he still keeps pure.
Though doubting e'en the being of a God,
He cannot sink to base thoughts of himself,
And place himself beside the sensual beast
That wallows in the mire. He feels himself
A man, immortal in his hopes and thoughts,
Though but a breathing clod, full soon to die;
Therefore we blame him not, but sympathize
With him in all his doubts, for though he is
A discontented and unhappy man
He is not vile nor vicious; what is good
He earnestly pursues, though erring far.

Vain seems each effort, vain the endless toil,
Vain as the wretched task of Sysiphus,
Who rolls in vain the still re-bounding stone.
Blame not the doubts, blame not the unbelief,
The work of honest and inquiring thought,
But give profoundest pity to the soul
So racked with doubts and seeming endless pains.
Walking with Felix, best belovèd friend,
Through the sweet woods one pleasant afternoon,
When every breeze was balmy with the breath
Of flowers and odorous plants, the gifts of May,
He poured into the heart of this true friend
The thoughts and doubts that questioned even God.
Blame not the words that follow, but believe
That even he, who in despair spoke thus,
Sinned not in thought nor purpose, nor blasphemed.
"How often have I cried out thus, my friend:
Tell me, O world, where is the mighty Hand,
That brought thee out of chaos, formless and void,
And sent thee rolling through the deep abyss.
Yea, tell me where is God, the mighty One.
I've asked the stormy ocean where is God,
I've asked each passing breeze, the thunder-cloud,
And thee, O fire, primeval element;
Ye gave no answer, save a murmuring sound,
As if in utter scorn that one should dare
To lay his hand upon the vail that hides
The Spirit from the gaze of earth-clad eyes.
The universe is silent; sun nor star,
Nor wind, nor flower, nor any moving thing,
Nor any creature of the elements,
Answers my thought, or pitying heeds my call;
They speak not, whisper not; heaven itself

Unpitying looks from the deep blue above.
In vain I question Earth, or Air, or Sea;
In vain I question thee, O Sun; in vain
I turn me to the twinkling stars at night;
Therefore, O worlds, I question you no more!
Now hear me, God, for I will speak to Thee.
If Thou art here, if Thou art round me now,
If Thou art near me in the viewless winds,
(As Thou, God, must be, if Thou art at all,)
O, hearken, Spirit of all moving things,
To one, who, fragile as the potter's clay,
Yet feels within, a living spirit still.
Creator, God, sustainer of all worlds,
Eternal source of light and life and love,
Whate'er Thou art, where'er Thy presence is,
Unknown, all-knowing One, I come to Thee.
I come to Thee for light, if Thou e'er hearest,
If Thou hast ever heard a mortal's prayer.
I come for light, because my soul is dark,
As if the shadow of an evil wing
Had fallen across it. There are many worlds
And many elements, of beauty full
And majesty, such as the human thought
Can ne'er conceive, nor human tongue express;
And these all come from Thee. They all declare
How matchless and how wonderful Thou art.
But art Thou evil? Was it Thy design,
In calling into being all these worlds
And making them so grandly beautiful,
To plant a curse in all their elements?
Why do I suffer? Why is evil here?
Whence comes the wrong of which the world is full?
The curse is here, whate'er its source may be;

And Thou, whom men call good, Thou, who alone
Art over all the universe supreme,
Canst Thou make evil good? Or is there here
Some hidden essence that I know not of?
Or is there one all evil—one opposed
To Thee and to Thy glorious works? Has he
Trailed over all the serpent's poisonous slime?
But where is he if Thou art infinite?
Where is this evil spirit when God fills
Alone each atom of the boundless whole?
And yet 'tis here, 'tis evermore with life;
Each nerve, that thrills through every living thing,
Perchance may suffer all the pangs of hell.
O, is it that the Atheist's creed is true?
Is there no God? Is everything a chance?
Why, then each world is but an endless hell,
And evil is the only real thing.
Die sun, and give thy pleasant beams no more!
There is no God, thou art an orphan, world!
There is no God, for I have cried to him;
The wails of many millions rise in vain
To Him for help, and therefore He is not."

Thus far he spoke, in melancholy mood,
When he was interrupted in this wise,
By one who thought himself of clearer head,
In that he was content to let things be.

"O, peace, vain man, why would'st thou doubt of God?
Because, forsooth, thou can'st not understand
The why and wherefore of each passing scene,
Therefore there is no order in the world;
Because thou see'st darkness, all is dark;

Because thou see'st evil, all is wrong.
Who made thee judge? Hast thou the breadth of mind
To comprehend the cause, effect and end?
What right hast thou to say that anything
Should be some other way, when thou know'st not
Wherefore it is at all, in any way?"

"Old Job had comforters in olden days,
And you are one well fitted for that place.
Is there no evil? Is not evil wrong?
Would one all-good permit a wrong to be?
Ah, you're a doctor, here's a patient, too;
Put on your specs and elevate your brows;
Examine now the body of the world.
This is no sore! There is no cancer here!
O, no, there's nothing wrong, your patient's well!
Look on your fingers, see how foul they are;
Whence comes that filth? You felt your patient's
pulse;
You cannot touch him but you soil yourself.
Sir, you're a quack, you gloss the mischief o'er;
You cannot cure the evils of the world;
You cannot diagnosticate the case,
But wisely talking of, you know not what,
You gravely say, 'whatever is, is right.'
Answer me this, and I will rest for aye;
If God be good, as all men say He is,
If He creates, if He sustains all forms,
If every form be His belovèd child,
Why is His child so like a child of hell?
Come, I will tell you what a dream I've had;
A dream that may be real at the last,
When this wild, waking dream is gone for aye.

I thought that I was dead—that all were dead ;
Chaos and darkness over all, again
Ruled as at first ; I could see only darkness ;
When suddenly methought a sound, a voice,
Or echo of a voice that once had been,
Stirred for a moment through the dark profound ;
'Where art thou, God,' and all was still again ;
And all was still for ages, when a voice,
A voice of woe, beyond all other woe,
Found utterance through the gloom: 'There is no God!
No God! Sleep on, and stir not yet, ye dead!'
And thus I lived for endless ages, dead ;
Living, yet dead, for death was everywhere ;
And this, I thought, was the sad fate of all,
To die, be dead, yet conscious evermore,
For life once kindled could go out no more ;
But God! what life! an endless, rayless gloom."

The Pastor of a church, whose white spire shone
Through the green trees near by, hearing these words,
And feeling deepest pity in his heart
For this unhappy one, here joined their walk,
And, pointing to the beauties of the scene,
Essayed to soothe his anguish ; but his words,
Honest, indeed, but not too overwise,
Soothed not, but rather stirred the deepest depths
Of bitterness that boiled and raged within.
In vain the glory of the evening heavens ;
To him it gave no thought or hope of peace ;
In vain the soothing sounds, the low sweet hum,
That come with night, when nature is at rest.
They mocked him, mocked him ; it was worse than death ;

In death there might be some pale hope of rest.
The still, cold face of one just newly dead,
(Spite of his dream of endless living death,)
Gave hope of rest, and rest he never knew.
Were it not better thus to end the scene,
And still the throbbings of his tortured heart?
His body would dissolve and pass away
Into the elements of earth and air;
Out of his dust sweet violets might grow,
And he would be at peace, though e'en in death.
The Pastor's warm and earnest arguments,
For he spake warmly, using many words,
And many that were good, and sound and true,
Fell on his ears like drops of melted lead,
Or burning sand upon a festering sore,
Till, breaking out in hot and passionate words,
He made the startled Pastor stand aghast:

"Words, words, mere words; why vex my spirit thus?
How can I give a blind, unquestioning faith?
I ask you for the bread of life, you give
The veriest chaff. I must have food or die.
I, heretofore, have asked in vain; but you,
Who are God's minister, 'tis yours to give
Light to the dark, food to the hungry soul;
Come now and give this light, if light there is;
Bring forth from the deep treasure-house of truth,
No vain, unreal sophistries; bring forth,
Divine and clear, unsullied by a stain
Of erring thought, the reason of all things.

"God is alone the source of every thing."

"He then is all in all, and he made all,
There's but one reason for this feverish pulse?

There's only one for all the thousand crimes
That give this earth such black, terrific stains,
God's blood alone can ever wash away ?
But one for that dark mystery of woe
Eternity yet holds in store for man ?
One only for that endless hell, and that
Is God ? Jehovah, come, unvail thy face,
Come out from that thick canopy, which hides
Thy being and thy majesty from man,
And justify thy dealings with a worm !
'Tis vain ! away ! I'll think no more."
"Nay, hear
Me yet a little while ; I would not leave
Thy soul in such thick darkness, not if thou
Wert far less worthy. If thy daily life
Were all unworthy of the name of man,
I could not leave thee thus, for I am one
Called to seek out the master's erring sheep
And lead them to the fold. There are, I grant,
So many mysteries in this world of ours,
So many things and scenes, which never brain
Hath fathomed yet. And many tangled thoughts
Crowd with a mighty rush upon the soul
That walks unaided through the universe.
Man's strength is weakness ; 'tis in vain he seeks
To soar above the mists and clouds of time ;
An eagle with clipped wings, he falls to earth.
Fair science, looking on a distant star,
Can lay it out and weigh it, grain by grain,
Can mark its path among its sister stars,
As one who furrows off a field for grain.
But this is all that she can ever do ;
You question her in vain ; the star-eyed maid

Has never seen what lies behind the vail.
Palsied her hand when she essays to lift
The starry vail that hides fair nature's face.
This flowing life, with all mysterious things,
And life's uneasy struggles and deep woe,
And that eternal time of bliss or pain,
Science, star-eyed, blinks when she looks upon.
Man's strength is weakness, and his eyes are dim;
Blindfold he looks upon the moving world;
Blindfold he searches for the secret cause;
Blindfold he gropes about forevermore.
Dim grew his vision in the early days.
Once, in the early ages of the world,
In Paradise the angels walked with man,
And talked with him, as loving friend with friend;
Together bowed and worshiped the good God.
But he, presumptutous, left that high estate;
Left the companionship of sinless ones
For the base serpent crawling in the dust.
He fell, and the sweet heavens were vailed in black,
And earth to its deep centre trembled. Free,
Upright, majestic, beautiful and pure,
Was man created, but he sinned and fell.
In that sad hour was blissful Eden lost;
In that sad hour—"

"O, cease! I know your thought.
Where was Thy presence, God, in that sad hour?
Where was the Almighty when the devil came?
Is there a stronger one than God, who spoiled
A habitation of eternal bliss
Built by the hand of God for man? Away!
Come, Felix, let us go."

Their footsteps tend
To that low cottage, mid the dark green pines,
Where the winds, sighing 'mongst the odorous trees,
Make solemn music, as the ocean's waves
Beating and breaking gently on the shore.
Let us precede them for a little space
And take a quiet look into a home,
With not a trace of splendor anywhere,
But whose in-dwellers are quite well content.

THE POET'S HOME.

The poet's home! Surely the home of peace,
And all good thoughts and gentle charities!
The house was small; no stately portico
Adorned the front; no pictures on the walls
Gave evidence of wealth or cultured taste;
No marble fountains threw up sparkling jets
Of clear, cold water in the Summer time.
Tall pines, through which the melancholy winds
Moaned always with a sound of distant seas,
Stood round, the native forest growth. The hum
Of cities, and the busy stir and push
Of men engaged in traffic, were far off;
The birds their morning and their evening songs
Sang in their season, all about the house;
Roses and lilies pale grew near the door;
The woodbine and the fragrant jessamine
Grew o'er the porch and hung from the low eave.
It was a lowly and a quiet home;
The very air around was full of peace;
The labor of the day was done in peace;
Peace dwelt in every heart, and they in peace,

Did worship Him, the very God of peace.
'Tis early evening, but the lamp is lit;
Their children, and they have as yet but two,
Are sweetly sleeping in their little bed;
No thoughts disturb, no sounds invade their home,
Save from a copse near by, some whippoorwills
Send their shrill cries out on the evening air;
And now and then a cricket on the hearth
Chirps to a neighbor cricket cheerily,
Making the fireside cheerful with its noise.
This evening, as they sit alone, they talk
Of many things; of what they've done to-day,
Of friends and neighbors, and the growing crops,
Of politics, and whether times are hard,
Of books and poetry, the latest news,
Of fashions, and the newest styles thereof,
Of educating children, teachers, schools.
At last he comes to what he's latest done:
'Just after dinner, and before I went
About my daily labor, my thoughts fell
Into a tender, melancholy mood;
It was as though a strain of music came
And went, and came again, from a far land,
Recalling memories of boyhood's days,
Which are the days that were before the flood.
By slow degrees the melody took shape
And form in words, which I will read to you,
If you would like to hear them. Shall I read?"

"Yes, read, but tell me, are they light and gay,
Or mournful as the funeral note that falls
Upon the ear whene'er a good man dies?
Or are they like the low, sweet music-tone

Of mother nature in her gentle moods?
Or like an infant's prattle, simple, sweet,
Yet earnest in its very playfulness?
Or are they like an echo from the life
Of one who struggled greatly, greatly died
A martyr in some grand, heroic cause?
Are they like these, or one, or all of these,
Playful and sweet and gay and sad by turns?"

"Say on, my poem is not half as sweet
As those low-spoken questions asked by you.
No song or poem ever written yet,
Or note, the sweetest ever struck from harp,
Hath half the music of the voice of love.
But I will read the verses I have writ,
And if you play the critic, let me beg
That you will give the judgment of the heart,
For that is wiser and more merciful,
Than the cold verdict that the reason gives.
It is a vision of that Paradise
God gave to man, his youngest, tenderest child,
And one reposing 'neath the tree of life.
He slept, and as he slept an angel came
And breathed upon him till his inner soul
Was quickened to receive a wondrous dream
Of desolation, and a little child
Coming from Heaven to restore the lost.
Ah, happy hour; I, too, have had my dream.

IN PARADISE.

The trees of Paradise their branches wave
With gentle murmurs to the winds that blow
From the bright East. The Pison's waters lave
Its banks in rippling music as they flow
Down to the distant sea. Days come and go
In golden peace; the mountains and the seas,
The rivers and the plains, the valleys low,
Answer in peace to every stirring breeze,
Laden with fragrant breaths and murmurs of sweet bees.

Beneath the branches of the Tree of Life
One lay and slept; the morning breezes fanned
His golden locks; no elemental strife
Raged yet; the east wind, pure and bland,
Kissed with its balmy breath the happy land;
The birds sang over head; the mountains shone
With light from heaven; the Pison's golden sand,
Shining like stars, gave a melodious tone
Most musical and sweet, no longer heard and known.

And while he slept, a strong, wise angel came
And touched him on the eyelids and the breast;
Calm splendors from his eyes, and love's pure flame
Fell on the sleeper, making deep his rest;
This angel came on purest love's behest,
And breathed upon the sleeper's veilèd eyes,
Then said, "wise visions be thy bosom's guests;
I come from heaven's bright homes and cloudless skies,
To make thee, brother mine, in the far future wise."

Then that pale sleeper, in his dream did see
A worm that ate into the Tree of Life;
This deadly worm did seek to kill the Tree
But never could; then, like a cruel knife,
It, to the heart, sought, with envenomed strife,
To eat its way, but failed. The Tree was taken
Up into heaven whence it had drawn its life;
Then like a bride all desolate, forsaken,
The earth was draped in black, and with cold agues shaken.

The golden age then vanished clean away,
And a dread terror never known till then,
Upon the heavy hearts of men did prey;—
The sky became as brass; a stagnant fen
Unsurped the place where Paradise had been;
Death came, and, grinning, sat at every feast;
Soon rage and hate dwelt in the hearts of men,
Man warred with man, and beast made war on beast,
And host the naked knife plunged in the heart of guest.

Sad tears came trickling slowly from the eyes
Of that pale dreamer, at the dreadful sight!
But looking to the over-arching skies,
He saw them shining still with purest light:
"Then, then, my God, thou hast not left us quite!"
He said, and clasped his hands in prayer to heaven;
"Be comforted," a voice replied, "the night,
That comes, will pass, and then a golden even,
As bright as this first morn, to man at last be given."

"Be comforted, age after age of crime
Will pass, until a fair, immortal child
Shall come from Heaven's ethereal, stainless clime,
And in the heart of man, so sore beguiled,
Once more build up the kingdom of the mild
And quiet peace. He will bring back the Tree
Of Life again, and plant it in the wild
And savage wilderness of earth, which He
Shall make like gardens bloom from utmost sea to sea."

Then that pale dreamer saw a little child
Descend from heaven, and bearing in his hand
A single seed, which, planted in the wild
Waste wilderness, that covered all the land,
Grew to a wondrous Tree, whose branches grand
Gave shelter to the many birds of heaven,
And sent, o'er all the earth, an influence bland,
Refreshing like the gentle dews of even,
And cheering many hearts with hopes of sins forgiven.

But, awful sight! the little child was taken
By cruel hands and tortured unto death;
"My God, my God! why hast thou me forsaken?"
He cried in pain, with His expiring breath.
The heavens grew black, the sun, in grief or wrath,
Withheld his light; the solid earth was shaken;
The rocks were rent; then hell and ghastly Death
Echoed, with dreadful joy, His cry "Forsaken."
"Perish and sleep, thou child, and never more awaken."

But death was conquered, and forlornest Hell
Felt the pure presence of that Child of Light;
He burst the gates; Satan before Him fell;
He rose triumphant over Death and night,
And bound in chains of adamantine might
The Arch-Destroyer, so that at the last,
Dark wrong no more should triumph over right;
No more the breath of evil e'er should blast
The aspiring hopes of man with mildew overcast.

Then day grew bright, a quick, awakening thrill
Went flashing through the weary hearts of men;
By slow degrees they did forget to kill;
By slow degrees the poisonous, stagnant fen,
That drowned the spot where Paradise had been
Passed clean away, and then, O joyful sight,
Eden came back, and man did live again
As at the first, before that dreadful night,
Walking with radiant face, led by that Child of Light.

The dreamer woke; the birds sang overhead;
The sweetest music thrilled the balmy air;
He passed adown a winding alley, led
By one invisible, who guided there.
Ere long a temple, more divinely fair
Than that of Solomon, rose on his view;
He entered in, and soon he came to where
An altar stood; then, kneeling there, he knew
The deep, sweet peace of heaven, that comes like healing dew.

'Tis almost time our friend were here to-night;
I saw her at my father's, as the sun
Passed the bright portals of the west; she said
She'd do herself the honor to sleep here,
Beneath the poet's roof-tree, as she's pleased
To name our home. O, would that she were right!
I hear her footstep even now—she's here."

Then entered one with melancholy eyes;
There was a light, deep, bright, intense within;
But o'er that light a sombre shadow hung.
She was not beautiful; a nameless grace,
One far more beautiful than beauty's, gave
A wondrous charm to every thing she did.
Her hair was black like midnight, with the light
Of many stars mixed in its dusky folds.
I knew her many, many years ago; —
What are the records of those many years?
A country desolate, a land laid waste;
Wide wasting war has filled the earth with graves.
Those melancholy eyes I see no more.
In the far West, on some green Ocean Isle
Far west of California's golden shore,
They see the sun set in the silent sea,
Longing to follow him to the far East.
The poet's roof-tree, that then sheltered them,
Is dust and ashes, and its humble walls
Have vanished from the earth and left no trace.
Regrets are vain, and I shall not regret
Past joys, nor pleasures of the former days;
They are in heaven, and I shall meet them there.
Long time they talked in interchange of thought;
This woman of the melancholy eyes

Was one who'd pondered deeply many things ;
Science, and Art, Religion, Poesy,
Were themes familiar as our household words.
And she had travelled over many lands,
And had seen many people and their ways,
And could relate some curious anecdotes
Of all the people and the lands she'd seen.
Long time they sat in interchange of thought,
At peace with all men and at peace within,
Until the sweetly solemn hour of prayer,
The day's last act before the nightly rest.
But, ere the Book was opened to begin
The mystic rite, two men of thoughtful mien
Entered and gave them greeting ; they were friends.
The face of one was like the open day,
Honest and bright, without a single cloud,
And he was well called Felix ; but the other—
His brow was like a mountain, thunder-scarred—
Rugged with many furrows of deep thought.
A poet's soul looked out of his sad eyes,
A poet's soul, but one of deep unrest.
His voice was sweet but sad ; an undertone
Pervaded it ; a touching undertone
Of melancholy, like the voice of one
Cast out of heaven, yet longing to be there ;
Hopeless, yet longing, till dissolved in tears ;
So sad, so sweet, you almost wept to hear :

" How beautiful is earth to-night ; the air
Comes fragrant with the breaths of many flowers !
Repose, like that of this sweet, innocent child,
Comes o'er the face of nature, like a dream
Of holiness, and sweet, celestial peace.

The stars, bright islands in an infinite sea,
Shine on a world, as bright and fair to-night,
As we might dream a sinless world to be.
How beautiful is night! The tinkling bell
Sounds musical upon the stilly air,
As heard at intervals from yonder fold.
I love thee, quiet night! How oft hast thou
Laid thy cool fingers on my feverish pulse
And soothed me into calmness with the touch,
As erst my mother, when a weary child
I laid my head upon her lap and slept.
But though so queenly with her starry crown,
And though so lovely with her calm repose,
And though so holy with her gentle touch,
Yet most I love her for an hour like this,
When, mingling tender thought with thought, we look,
With shining eyes, into the eyes we love.
Yet night is terrible sometimes, when sleep
Doth come, indeed, but with a thousand shapes
In dreams most strange, fantastic, horrible.
There's not a beauty in this lower world,
No joy, nor bliss, nor honor, glory, good,
But hath its counterpart as darkly great.
There is no endless heaven without hell;
Or so it seems, for life is but a change
Of shadow chasing sunshine, smiles and tears.
Is this the total of our human life,
To laugh, to weep, sin, suffer and repent?
I've read, and thought, and studied, till the brain
Grew wild and reeling like a drunken man's;
The wisest and the best of earth, great men,
Plato, Pythagoras, One diviner still
I've read in vain; the mystery yet is dark.

I live and breathe; whence came I, whither go
And whither go with all this infinite weight
Of strange, unsatisfied, bewildering thought?
No one has given, none can ever give
A sure solution of the mysteries
That circle us round in their eternal coils,
Dark labyrinths without a single clue,
That wind and wind, eternal fold in fold.

Pardon me, ladies, for these perturbed thoughts;
Shall we talk here, or shall we forth, my friend,
Into the quiet shadows of the night,
And, seated there on nature's very heart,
Ask *her* to tell us what is truth?"
"Stay here,"
The poet's wife replied in gentle tones,
"We, too, would like to hear her answer, when
It comes, as I've no doubt it will; the truth
Is seeking always to reveal itself
To those who search with earnest, reverent hearts.
You find her not because you are too proud;
Truth loves a spirit trusting, teachable;
You cannot win her with a haughty brow;
'Twas Satan's pride that caused his fall from heaven.
The humblest-hearted one that ever lived
Was greatest-hearted and the likest God.
Have you not learned of Him? While yet a boy
Upon your mother's knee you lisped His name—
Jesus, the sinners' and the children's friend.
But you—why, you're so vastly proud, you'd grasp
The Universe and squeeze the truth out, as
You'd press the juice out of an over-ripe peach.
You cannot find Truth so; there's many a point

Harder than rock-ribbed mountains, harder than flint,
Whose secret essence and deep mystery
The spiritual chemist, through the agencies
Of Faith and Hope and Love alone can solve."

"Can you resolve all mysteries then? If so,
Right here I place me at your feet to learn;
Right here will stay, and looking to your eyes,
Will worship them as two bright stars in heaven.
Pour from your eyes upon the gloomy cloud,
That hangs, a dark, impenetrable veil,
Over the universe, a single ray
Of penetrating light, that I may see,
Though dim as one sees in a dream, the good
Moving and working in the darkest depths,
And I will worship you forever. You,
Who love, believe and hope, can never know
The desolate, stormy darkness of that mind,
Which, looking out o'er this magnificent world,
Sees everywhere an ever burning curse.
I'd lay my life down for a childlike faith;
A fiery furnace, hot as fiercest hell,
Would be a flowery pathway, did it lead,
Beyond the heavy shadows where I live,
Out to the light where love is all in all.
The heart, that aye on beauty-blooms has fed,
Like bees upon sweet flowers, its natural food,
Shrinks, chilled and terror-stricken, from the soul
Lean, hungry, starving for the same sweet food.
This is my fate; good men have called me mad;
The fair and beautiful have looked on me,
With palpitating hearts and pallid cheeks,
As if they'd seen a spirit, or one damned.

It is my fate to go alone through life;
Long years ago, when but a little boy,
I thought that heaven and all the stars were near,
But that was long ago; the gates are closed,
That once wide open stood, when I could see
Gold-winged and purple-vested angel forms
Come forth, and looking down with luminous eyes,
Stoop singing to me, striking golden harps—
So long ago 'twas in another world.
Was this delusion? can you bring again
The visions of my youth, or make me young?"

"I cannot bring again," the Poet said,
"That golden age, nor can I make you young;
But they were true, and not mere idle dreams.
Be sure the universe is what it was
In the beginning, when the morning stars
Sang, with the Sons of God, the first glad hymn.
There is no mystery to the loving heart,
Nor any darkness to the eye of faith."

"But what must I believe?"
"Believe in God;
Believe that He is love, and loving Him,
You'll love His works, and every day will bring
Light—darkness and the clouds will disappear."

"I find you're all alike, you say believe;
You say love God and worship Him, as if
It were a matter of mere choice. He knows—
If that, indeed, He ever knows at all—
How that I ask for nothing in the world,
But love, and rest, and sweet, confiding faith—

Ah, faith is love, and rest, and everything—
As the damned soul, burning with fire of hell,
Longs for a drop of water for his tongue.
The preacher failed, can *you* tell what is truth?"

"Question of questions for the earnest soul.
I know the troubles of your heart to-day;
When you look out upon the starry skies,
Where countless shining worlds are moving on,
And circling round and round in harmony,
Making the perfect music of the spheres,
An endless hymn, you know that there is ONE
Greater than all, for these made not themselves.
You see the order of the universe,
How well each star and planetary world,
How well each atom of the boundless whole
Fits in and occupies its proper place;
And you see wisdom without mete or bound;
You note the magnitude of all these worlds
Rolling in space, far as the utmost stretch
That thought or dreams can go, and you are crushed
'Neath the dread idea of Almighty power,
Because you cannot realize as yet
That love and good are also infinite;
But this is so, for God is love. You see,
Or think you see, the opposite to this,
An evil spirit in the world. 'Tis true
The very source of light is not all light
And there are shadows on the face of God
(If we can so express it without sin);
Shadows to us, and what are we? God lives
To me the very essence of all truth
Is this—God lives, and all His life is love.

Once take into your heart that this is so,
You'll see the darkness of the world no more;
The shadows will all vanish; that thick cloud
That shrouds the face of nature in deep gloom,
Will change into a gold and purple mist,
Bright as that twilight that we saw to-day."

"If there is any God, and He is love,
And faultless wisdom and intelligence,
Why is my life, or any other life,
Or any single creature in the world,
Unhappy, if not wretched utterly?
Come, I will listen with a patient heart,
While you shall speak, if one can patient be,
Stretched naked on a bed of living coals."

"There are two views that seek to reconcile
The evils that afflict the human race,
With the eternal goodness of the source
From which all life, stars, worlds and beings come.
The one is pure philosophy, which looks,
With reason's cold and penetrating eye,
Into the heart of nature, and so seeks
To satisfy the longings of the soul.
The other grounds its views upon the Word—
Upon the Bible as the Word of God,
And with a wise humility, receives
The light thence shining as the light of truth,
But not disdaining scientific help.
I will state first the philosophic view,
As brief as may be, and perhaps we'll find
That e'en this view is not devoid of truth—
The undevout philosopher is mad.

Deep in the abyss of eternal time
God was; alone and from the first He was,
(We know not what this means, but so it is);
And He was ONE—no power there was save Him.
Now stand on this idea as on a rock,
And you will see whence comes and whither goes
The Stream of life; you'll see one common source
For all that is, has been, or ever can be.
As vapor from the ocean's depths exhales,
And, changing into showers of dew and rain,
Forms springs and rivers flowing back to sea;
So life, from out the bosom of one source,
Exhales in minute drops, and forming streams
In birds and beasts and other forms of life,
Returns perfected through the soul of man.
Whither do these thoughts lead us but to rest?
'We see the inner being of the world,'
Its pulses beat full of divinest life,
And every atom, every grain of sand,
And all the uncouth creatures of the deep,
The ugly toad, as well as angel forms,
As beautiful as beauty's self can be,
All came from one; no principle exists
Save ONE alone, whose will is the sole law,
That works, evolves, and then dissolves again,
All forms that rise and move and disappear.
And standing here upon this eminent height,
Far from the din of conflict, whence you see
The springs of being, and the cause and end,
Your vision becomes clearer; you perceive
That earth is pregnant with eternal life,
And the fierce pangs of every anguished heart—
What you have suffered, and what I—are pains

Of nature bringing forth immortal souls.
Deep in the heart of nature you perceive
What we call evil, whence it springs and how—
The seeds of life were planted in the earth,
And in all matter ; every globe in space
Feels in its frame the moving power of life ;
These germs evolving into outward life,
Develop in their passage from the rock,
All forms of sentient being ; each has life
And feeling of its own, distinct from all,
And each has wants, thoughts, passions and desires,
And each must live ; the lowest form of life
Wars with its fellow for its food or love.
Man's passions are not man's alone ; the bird,
The beast, the fish, the unknown insect things,
That dance of Summer evenings in the light,
All love and hate as each has power to do ;
And thus comes evil—'tis a part of life,
Or rather, 'tis a sequence of the strife
Life wages with all matter and itself.
As we find life to be upon this earth,
Whate'er it be on other globes in space,
The evil *must* be, since we call it such,
For each has separate life, and therefore each
Must have some wants and feelings that produce
A portion of unhappiness on earth.
But catching here a glimpse of the bright end,
A certain vision of the golden age,
Ordained of God, ere time was first begun,
Or ere the world or heaven itself was made,
Or ere the morning stars their anthem sang,
And which is sure, we know that is all well.
And thus we come to know the wondrous truth

That nature is a vehicle ordained
Of God to generate immortal souls,
Immortal and progressive in all good.
Thus, too, we learn another wondrous truth,
That death, the ill most terrible of all,
Is but a way that leads to endless life;
And light and glory little understood,
Lie just beyond the borders of the tomb.
Thus life bears promise of a good to come
To all; the ills we suffer are birth-pains.
So God is love, and we can reconcile
Whatever is, since we have learned to trust.

Life fades; the ripe fruit trembles on the bough;
A cold breeze shakes it—the cold breeze of death;
It drops, and passes from our sight, but where?
Open the door, let heaven's light shine on earth;
Why question thus? The light is shining now,
But man perceives it not; his eyes are shut,
Close sealed or dimly struggling for the light.
This, too, is well, for 'tis another truth,
That he can have no blessing ere its time.
He grows in strength and knowledge, as the stream
Of life flows toward the fountain of all truth.
The mighty Mississippi has its source
Far up amid the mountains, in a small
And unknown spring, outgushing in a dell
Closed round with trees and overhanging rocks;
Its course is ever toward its parent sea;
Hills, mountains, and huge rocks, obstruct its way;
It pauses not, but, turning to one side,
Glides rushing by what can't be overcome,
Until it mingles with the sea far south.

'Tis thus with man ; his life is a mere point,
A speck of being in a wide, wide world,
Hemmed in by dire obstructions on each side ;
But, now and then, a little trickling rill
Of life flows in and mingles life with life,
Until the soul, full-grown and ripe for change,
Flows out to God upon the stream of death,
And passes to a world of endless life.
For this the fruit is shaken from the bough ;
For this the stream flows ever toward the sea ;
For this the heart is riven with sharp pain ;
For this the man goes trembling to the grave,
And fades in dim obscurity from earth.
Look on the world with clear discerning eyes,
And you see God in every grain of dust ;
You see Him in each distant, luminous star ;
You see Him in the golden, full-orbed sun ;
You meet Him when alone on desert sands,
Or in mid-ocean. He is everywhere.
No height or depth can be too high or deep
To go beyond His presence ; there can be
Nothing in any world that is not His,
For he made all and every thing that is.
If this be so, we see that every thing
Moves with a mighty and resistless force
Just to accomplish what He willed it should.
We trust Him, for we know that He is wise ;
We trust Him, for we feel that He is good ;
We trust Him, for we see that He is strong
To carry out His purpose to the end.
He rules alone, and who can say there is
In any will the power to nullify
What He decrees ? Could not as well the clay,

Moulded and fashioned by the potter's hand,
Rebel against the moulder, and declare
It would not be the vessel that he wished?
The vilest form was fashioned by God's hand,
And not all vile its vileness. Truth lies hid
In deepest darkness, and the rarest gems
Are mingled with the common mire and dirt;
The rarest beauty springs from foulest stuff;
Each hath its use and nothing stands alone.
The brilliant diamond, set in kingly crown,
Is common lamp-black hardened into rock—
How precious one, how vile the other seems.
The holy saint, enthroned in highest heaven,
Is brother to the poorest, vilest man;
One is God's child, and neither more nor less
The other, though defiled with every sin.
The poisonous hemlock and the upas tree
Have the same elements the apple has,
Yet is the hemlock deadly. Who shall say
That one is evil and the other good?
The noble and the God-like Washington,
The stainless, upright man, was not endued
With other principles than all men have.
He who betrayed his country for base gold,
Or pride and pomp, or power and circumstance,
Had not within his nature aught of ill
Whose germ is not implanted in each soul.
What then is evil? Whence its source and spring?
There is no evil in the elements;
There is no evil principle at all
Pervading all the avenues of life;
'Twould be eternal were it here at all,
For it would be the very soul of things,

Coming from God as part of His own life.
Some say that matter is the cause of all
The ills we suffer here; that 'tis the foe
That binds pure spirits with material chains.
'Tis well to think, e'en though we think amiss;
Better to drive in the fierce whirl of doubt,
Than listless sail with thoughtless, floating crowds.
Matter is not God's enemy, never was;
'Tis the corporeal presence of Himself;
He's not behind, but *in* the universe.
We see Him not because we live in Him;
Not till our life is separate from His,
And we can find a world outside of His,
Can we behold the maker face to face.
Therefore, to us there is no personal God;
And yet there *is* a very personal God,
Though He, as such, may never be revealed.

It is not wrong to question or to doubt;
Although you have no answer to your thought,
There is an answer somewhere, so think on.
Question the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars;
Question each bird and every creeping thing;
Question the silent night and the still air;
Yea, question all things; till they render up
An answer to your thought, let none escape.
Nothing is more mysterious than another;
All things are miracles, or none are so;
The least significant event of life,
The smallest worm you tread beneath your feet,
Are miracles as great as Jesus did;
Learn these, and what they mean, and you know all.
You pause, turn pale, and tremble o'er the gulf

Of utter ignorance near which you stand.
All's well, fear not; but boldly push your way
Where'er your thought may lead you; there's no truth
Forbidden to be gathered by your thought.
Probe all things, if you can; search to the core
Of all that seems most beautiful and bright;
Of all that seems most terrible and strange;
Of all that seems as if an evil power
Had marred, had wrecked the work of ONE divine;
Probe to the heart of all, and you will find
But one eternal Power at work in all;
That Power is God, and there can be but ONE.
Here we may rest; this is enough to know;
We live in Him, we move in Him, we breathe
The breath of life that He inspires us with.
How sweet, how balmy is this air to-night!
'Tis His; the twice ten thousand twinkling stars,
Shining far off in the blue vault of heaven,
Are His; all elements of life and death
Are His alone; there is no BEING save Him.

The other view is different from this—
Not utterly opposed, but different.
It glosses not the evil that it sees,
Acknowledges the wrong that's in the world,
But boldly meets the issue, face to face,
And claims the utmost purity for God.
It makes Him, not at all, in any sense,
The cause of sin, nor makes the evil good.
It throws the blame of all the wrong that is,
On man and other creatures of like sort.
All the disorders of the elements,
The sufferings of all inferior tribes,

The nameless griefs of unknown insect things,
Spring from the same perverted fountain-head,
And not from God, for He is only love.
The fountain-head is in the act of man;
The fountain-head is in the will of man;
The fountain-head is in the heart of man,
Who violates the holy law of God,
And thrones himself the centre of the world,
Making his own self-will the law of all.
The evils that afflict the human race,
The sad disorders of the present time,
And the deep hells, were never made by God.
He seeks to fold in tender, loving arms,
All sad, and sick, and suffering sons of men;
He seeks to give Himself, with all His love,
And all His bliss, to ease the pains of sin;
He seeks to rest the weary, aching head
Of every suffering creature on His breast;
He seeks to cleanse each foul and festering sore,
And wash and purify the leprous flesh.
Love moves Him with a still, resistless might;
Loved moved Him so, and He so loved the world
As to reveal Himself, in form of man,
That He might raise our nature up to His,
And so unite mankind unto Himself;
He yearns, with infinite, sweet, mother love,
Over each sinful, suffering soul of man.
The evil is not His; He made it not;
And He will yet, at some near future time,
Wipe from the world this one sole evil stain
And bring again the long-lost golden age.
Christ the soul's want, Christ the incarnate God,
Is surely coming to redeem the world;

Has come, is here. already has redeemed,
And stands awaiting to reveal Himself
To every one who welcomes Him in love.
Let Jesus enter, let him stand within
The spirit's form and be your inmost life,
Your heart would melt away in awful love;
You'd die of joy, but that you could not die.
The only evil in the universe
Is making self the centre of all thought,
Instead of good, which is the soul of truth.
Living for God and for the neighbor's good,
And not for self, makes every prospect clear,
And drives away the shadows that obscure
The glories of this sublunary world.
The incarnate God will come to judge the world,
And he will judge in mercy and in love;
This evil, sin-stained earth will disappear,
And one just like the Paradise of God
Will come instead, and He will dwell with us.
The heavenly city will descend from God,
And all earth bloom and blossom as the rose
In Eden, when the world was young. I see
Time's careworn, melancholy face grow gay;
I see him smile—nay, nay, he laughs outright,
And drops his scythe and claps his hands for joy.
Dim eyes grow bright, and old and stooping forms
Grow strong and straight and vigorous once more;
Death disappears, for Christ has conquered death.
That such the world will be in future days
Is promised in that book we call the Word.
The earth will be regenerate through man,
When man's self-will yields to the will of God.
As through the sin of man death came on all,

And all the manifold, mysterious forms
Of suffering and disorderly desires;
Even so when man becomes regenerate,
New life and order will descend through him
To all below, until they're all made whole.
That time is coming, and will soon be here;
Soon shall the dawning of a better day
Tinge all the eastern sky with roseate light.
Even now the world has visions in its sleep
Of daylight soon to come; an angel stoops
And whispers in its ear, "the morning comes."
A visioned splendor, full of glorious hopes,
Draws near the dreaming spirit of the world,
And, like as I have seen a little child,
It smiles and weeps, and weeping smiles again,
As pain and the bright vision rule by turns.
Soon shall the world awake, and waking know
Joy purer than that dreamed of. Angel hosts,
All clad in the bright panoply of love,
Are drawing nearer to the slumbering world,
And when it wakes—soon shall that waking be—
Love, light and rapture, wingèd hopes and joys,
And aspirations, tender charities,
Will melt all hearts, as hoar frosts in the sun,
Dissolved in joy and the warm light of peace.
Soon shall the world, now moaning in its sleep,
And dreaming of a glorious golden age,
Wake from its sleep and find the vision true.
Dim Africa and fair Cathay, the isles
Far west, or east, or in the southern sea,
Now sunk, how low, in darkness and in crime,
Will see the sun arise to set no more.
Yea, e'en this doubting, this material age,

This age of steam and wonderful machines,
That loves the practical and common-place,
And laughs to scorn the Dryads of the woods,
And nymphs, and fairy fountains, and old tales
Of genii, dragons, and the fairy folk,
Has given to all the dreamers of the time
Far deeper skies than those that overhung
The famed Olympus. Dryad now, nor nymph,
Nor Pan, nor Satyr, haunt the bosky dell,
Nor old Silenus, wise but drunken god;
But there is now, within the vocal woods,
And in the streams and in the ambient air,
And in the blue and overhanging skies,
A lovelier, more enduring form of life.
No more Diana winds her huntress horn;
Its echoes wake the solitary woods
No more. As Saturn and the elder gods
Perished and passed away before the might
Of Jupiter and all his young compeers,
So these have vanished now. Apollo, Jove,
Juno, Minerva—all the royal gods,
Crownless and sceptreless, fled long ago
From old Olympus' heights; and with them passed
The sisters three, those dreadful, direful Fates,
Weaving alike the destinies of men,
And heroes, and the helpless gods. Instead
We have—what have we not? We have,
Instead of gods, helpless and weak as we,
A Power, that knows no limit, and a love,
In tenderness and mercy infinite.
Instead of Dryads and the woodland nymphs,
Haunting the forest and the sylvan dells,
We have the CHRIST; instead of awful fate,

Cruel and cold and merciless as death,
We have a tender Providence, whose love
Unwearied watches all, by day and night;
Which gives the splendor to the evening clouds,
Gives fragrance to the flower, joy to the soul;
Lives in the bliss of heaven, and to the heart,
Weary and crushed with all the cares of life,
Gives cheering hope of rest and better days,
In the quick coming of a golden age,
More golden far than that that Adam knew,
With his loved Eve, while yet the world was young.
Move rapidly, ye flying wings of time,
And bear us onward to that happy day.

'Tis time for rest; 'tis time the body sought
Repose within the arms of balmy sleep;
But ere we seek the rest that night should give
'Twere well our voices should unite in praise
Of the Supreme who gives us all good things."

The storm has passed, the sky is clear,
Above us bends the arch of blue,
Unstained by any cloud of fear,
To chill the soul or mar the view;
Vanquished is each enemy,
God has given victory.

He lives, He rules, whose name is love;
Before His face no foe can stand,
On earth below, or heaven above,
When touched by His Almighty hand;
Vanquished is each enemy,
God has given victory.

Praised be His name; let angel hosts
Shout praises to His holy name;
While all the peopled isles and coasts
Join with one voice the loud acclaim;
Vanquished is each enemy,
God has given victory.

No more to sigh, no more to weep,
No more to fear the vengeful ire
Of hidden foes, that round us creep,
Like serpents that have stings of fire;
Vanquished is each enemy,
God has given victory.

There have been many, many years since then;
By slow degrees, the restless, passionate heart
Learned to adore the gentle, sinless ONE.
He saw the light that comes from his dear face;
It touched his heart and shone upon his life,
Making it luminous like a sun or star.
And when he died he passed on waves of sound
Of music from an organ, peal on peal,
Thrilled with sensations inexpressible.
Passing from earth on billowy waves of sound,
Rising and floating on ethereal wings,
He was borne far, far from the mists of earth,
Far from the darkness and the clouds of time,
To worlds of light, where it is dark no more.

THE SCIENTIST, THE MYSTIC, AND THE LOVER.

THE POET'S HOME.

We've seen the poet in the prime of life—
Yea, e'en before the early summer sun
Had reached meridian splendor. We have seen
How calm his life, how full of tender thoughts
And aspirations for the good of man.
How is it now? His days are in decline,
His footsteps tending to the silent vale,
That lowly lies in shadow. There have gone
Before him to that hidden land of sleep,
Many who loved him, many whom he loved.
Bright hopes, that cheered him in the spring of life,
Of good to come, of happy days for earth,
Do they still cheer him—do they still survive?
How is it now? The faces of the dead,
Who loved him, whom he loved, the tender eyes,
Whose light was quenched or hidden long ago,
Still haunt him like the shadows of a dream,
Or ghosts that hang about him in the dark.
He loves them still; they're still forever dear,
And dear, forever dear, the words, the smiles,
And gentle pressures of the hands of friends,

Who bade him farewell many years ago,
And strong and buoyant are the cheerful hopes
And aspirations of his early days;
His heart still bounds at hearing noble words,
His eyes still glisten at a tender tale
Of love and sorrow, as they did when young;
The years, that planted crows-feet round his eyes,
Made none about his heart—that still is young;
White streaks of silver, such as come with age,
Shine on his temples, but his hair is full
And thick and heavy as in days of youth.
The one companion, dearest, best beloved,
Is with him still. A patient, cheerful life,
A faithful doing of the daily work,
Mark her as one who bears an earthly cross
To win and wear a crown of life in heaven.
The children still survive, all that were given;
The household is complete; the silent guest,
To whom we give no welcome, never yet
Has crossed the threshold; God is very good.
He dwells not now among the odorous pines
Where first we knew him. Is he better off?
Yea, better off in that he's nearer God,
But not a whit is he, in this world's goods,
Richer than when, that well-remembered May,
He and his friends held high and earnest talk
Of Light and Darkness, sin, and heaven and hell.
He's nearer God; nearer, but strives to climb,
Higher and higher yet, the shining stair
That leads to heaven far up amid the stars.
And friends are near—true-hearted, noble friends,
Earnest and pure as those of other days,
But not the same; the hand of change is here.

She with the deep and melancholy eyes,
From that bright isle, far in the western sea,
Sends seldom greeting to her old-time friend.
Felix, the well-belovèd, passed away,
In the bright early morning of his prime,
Amid the roar of battle done to death.
I've often heard the sweet, full-throated birds
Singing amid the vines that shade his grave;
The sea-like murmur of the odorous pines
Is round him where he lies; the roses bloom
And fill the air with fragrance all about.
Does earth have many like him? I know not;
But peace was in his heart, and surely he
Is in a land of peace, where wars are not.
The other one, that restless, doubting heart,
He died in music—a strong, billowy sea
Of sound on sound, and organ-tone on tone,
Rolling from many glorious organ pipes,
Upbore him on its waves to that bright throng
Singing hosannas round the great white throne.

Upon a hillside green with springing grass,
With clumps of trees still growing here and there,
We find the poet's home, if home he has.
Not solitary stands the house; the town
Spreads northward to the top of College hill,
Where late a stately structure reared its head—
In ruins now.* Beyond the College green,
There lies, four-square, the city of the dead.

* Since the above was written the ruins of the old College building have been removed and a more substantial structure erected on the site. The College is now in successful operation, and has a prosperous outlook.

Here sleep the fair, the beautiful and brave;
Here many generations will lie down,
"After life's fitful fever sleeping well."
Here, oft the poet, musing, takes his walk,
Of quiet Sabbath eves, when all is peace.
Beside a lowly and an unmarked grave,
Save by a stunted fir and one pale rose,
I saw him sitting, such a Sabbath eve.
The western sky was full of molten gold,
Fleecy, and light, and soft; right in the east,
Far off, at the horizon's utmost verge,
A billowy cloud shone like a hill of gold;
While, now and then, a darting, fiery flash
Of lightning blazed from out that golden hill,
Too far to hear the thunder. I paused awhile,
Touched with the quiet beauty of the scene,
Then, when I moved, he, hearing my approach,
Looked up and gave me greeting, with a smile.
"Knowest thou," said he, "whose humble grave is this,
Unmarked by any stone or monument?
Who sleeps below? What unknown stranger here
Has found a quiet home on this green hill?
This surely is a pleasant resting-place
After the fever and the toil of life.
The wind sounds dirge-like through the dark green pines,
Low moaning, like the everlasting sea
Beating with ceaseless murmurs 'gainst the shore.
And how it soothes the spirit to be here!
The fierce ambitions of the restless world,
The strife and conflicts of the marts of trade,
The pride of place, the struggle to be great,
Seem far away, as if a million miles

Of stillness had dropped down 'twixt us and them.
'Tis well to meditate amongst the tombs,
And mark how rapidly our footsteps tend
Downward to the pale city of the dead.
We see, deep cut upon these clear, white stones,
The names of many younger than ourselves;
Life was too hard for them, they hastened here
To find that rest they never knew on earth.
Doubtless you've often read on yonder stone
These very beautiful and tender lines:

> "Full short his journey was; no dust
> Of earth unto his sandals clave;
> The weary weight that old men must,
> He bore not to the grave."

Why weary weight? Do we in vain grow old?
Are added days but added days of toil—
A vain protraction of a useless search
For good, that never, never can be found?
But come, the evening star shines in the west,
The air grows vocal with the many songs
Of tiny creatures piping their small tunes.
We hear the crickets singing in the grass;
The katy-dids begin their shrillest notes,
To cease no more through all the livelong night.
Come home with me, and we will sit and talk
Of what you will; will sing, and jest, and laugh
At all the follies of the human kind;
At all the asses dressed in lion's skins;
At all the vultures thinking they are eagles;
Or we will talk, perchance, of better things—
Of whether the best hopes of man are vain;
Of whether peace can ever reign supreme;

Of whether martyrs have all died for naught ;
Of whether Christ was crucified in vain,
Or God became incarnate to no end.
Of these ; or, we may freely speculate,
Like all the would-be wise, on many things—
On the mysterious essences of life ;
On evolution ; how it came about
That all things were developed so and so ;
And so make up a mighty pile of words,
High-sounding and quite learned to the ear.
Or, we can take up some old, God-like book,
Read and discuss it with pure, reverent speech ;
Some grand old Poet, whose great heart is dust,
Whose soul still lives, a bright, eternal star.
Come in, we're at the door; and now, dear friend,
I need not say how very glad I am
To bid you welcome to my hearth and home."

His good wife met us with a cheerful smile,
And then, on hospitable thoughts intent,
Soon brought for our refreshment bread and wine,
And only these, which we with reverence took,
Seeing in them the body and blood of Christ.
The air was warm, but not too warm ; a breeze
Blew lightly through the room wherein we sat ;
A vase of flowers—pure white Cape Jessamines,
And roses, violets, and lilies pale,
Gave to my spirit deep and calm content.
There was no lingering fragrance of the weed
So loved by some, so bad in its effects ;
No smoke from pipe or any fine cigar
E'er floats in cloudy circles through that room.
He thinks—I cannot say he is not right—

That the fine, delicate senses of the soul,
Which give the highest happiness to us,
Lose half, and more than half of their sweet power,
When long subjected to the nicotine.
He may be right. We want, we know not what,
And none can tell us, for none seem to know
Of that great famine in the inner land;
Or, if they feel the hunger of the soul,
They do not know the satisfying food,
And this is taken. We are stupefied,
And the fine fibres of the soul made coarse,
And we remain forever in unrest,
And more unable still to find our need.
Instead of rising to a higher life,
With senses more acute and delicate,
We grow more earthy, coarse and unrefined.
'Tis thus he reasons, and it may be well;
A bard or poet, perhaps prophet, says:
"Man grows like what he feeds on, hence in heaven
Love-fruits and wisdom-fruits to men are given."
And as in heaven, so it is on earth;
The gross, coarse feeder grows, from day to day,
Gross in corporeal substance and in thought;
While he who eats to live, lives temperately
In every way, keeping his body pure,
Grows chaste and beautiful in thought and soul.
He says that self-denial is the best
And highest wisdom man can ever learn;
It is not well to seek for happiness
Or pleasure merely; this degrades the man.
A wise old thoughtful Greek said, "Know thyself,"
But One far wiser taught, "Deny thyself."
These thoughts I gathered, these and many more,

While I enjoyed his hospitality.
When we had eat and drunk sufficiently
The happy season wooed us to remain,
And so we sat and talked far in the night.
He lightly touched in earnest many themes—
The past and present state of man; what hope,
If any, may be gathered from the times,
Of progress to a better state of things;
Religion, Art and Science, Politics,
And Poetry, and all that appertains
To man, and to man's intercourse with man,
And intercourse with God, passed in review.
He did esteem but lightly some called great—
Some mighty Thinkers, of renown world wide;
Darwin and Huxley, Spencer, Stuart Mill,
And many others of the same great school,
Were fine examples of abortive thought.
"But here," he said, "here is a little book,
In which I've written much I've said to-night.
Whether well done or badly, it is mine."
I took the book and read the title-page;
"The Scientist, the Mystic and the Lover,
Substance and Shadow, or the Early Dawn."
It follows here just as he set it down—
The work is his; I copy word for word,
Just as he wrote; I hope you'll think it good.

"I, who write this, am all unknown to fame,
Unknown as a great Thinker of the age,
Unknown in arts, or arms, or statesmanship;
But I have read and studied many books,
Watched carefully the actions of mankind,
Observed the tendencies of modern thought,

And I have pondered, though perhaps in vain,
The questions that most agitate mankind.
I, too, have asked, what is it, whence it comes,
And whither goes, what is the first and last.
I, too, have read of atoms and the like,
Of evolution, gases, and what not;
Of matter, motion, form sensation, life,
Spontaneous generation, and so forth;
And ever thinking, whether well or ill,
For thought cannot be bound, I've thought what here
Follows in order, on quite various themes.
If any read it, let them read in hope,
And charity, and neighborly good will,
For in such mood I write; such mood is best.
Truth is my lady love; I follow her,
Whether through toilsome and rough, rocky ways,
Or through smooth meadows, bright with many flowers,
Or carpeted with grasses, velvet soft;
Her voice comes to us as the voice of God,
Her kisses waken to diviner life
Than e'er Endymion got from Dian's lips;
Her garments are like lightning, and her feet
Are pearls for whiteness as they glide along.
In thus presenting these three forms of thought
I try to follow the white feet of truth;
I try to translate, to interpret right
The words she utters on these different themes;
I try to represent each form of thought
Justly, without distortion, without fear,
Without servility to any name
Of any man, however great or good,
Or any sect or party in the world."

THE SCIENTIST.

INVOCATION.

Sweet mother Nature! fair, immortal Earth!
And stars and skies, how beautiful ye are!
Bright sun, that risest with thy golden locks,
Chasing Aurora round and round the earth!
Ye whispering winds! Ye hills and dewy vales!
And thou deep-murmuring, ever-restless sea!
How more than beautiful ye are to me!
I worship Nature in her shining stars,
And the glad freshness of the morning dew,
And in the storm and thunder, in the light,
And the eternal ceaseless flow of things,
And the deep heart of woman; in the fierce
And bloody hunger of the coward wolf,
And cruel champing of the tiger's jaws.
Fair bounteous mother Nature! cruel, fierce,
Tender, yet savage as an untamed cat,
How fair, how lovely, bounteous and good!
How dark, how cold, inscrutable and stern!
Cruel as death! remorseless as the grave!
Weeping sweet tears of pity o'er the dead,
Yet Saturn like, eating without remorse,
Thy children—all thou ever bringest forth!
I worship thee, great goddess! I have built
Full many altars, high and lifted up,
To thee, O mother, goddess of the world!
Speak to thy ardent worshipper, and breathe
In him such thoughts, such wisdom, high and pure,
That he may have the prudence to evolve
A most divine philosophy from thee.

Teach me to see in the first forms of things,
In the dull motion of a grain of dust,
The potency and promise of all life;
Teach me to trace the progress of the life,
From its dim source in protoplasmic cells,
Through many various and ascending forms,
To monkeys, man, and may be, higher still;
Teach me to see the end, and aim of things,
The mystic evolution, that brings out,
From the deep gulf of chaos, without form,
Order and beauty, and ascending life;
Teach me to see that goddesses may rise,
More lovely far than Venus was of old,
Out of the commonest muck and mire and dirt;
That woman, wiser than Minerva was,
The blue-eyed daughter of Jove's brain, may spring
From the base loins of monkeys or of apes;
Teach me to read life's riddle, and to see,
In all the many thousand varying forms
Of life in plants and animals and man,
The *one* life binding every form in one.
Doubtless the seeker after truth may find
The hidden clue, which, holding in his hand,
He'll safely thread the labyrinthine maze;
Give me this clue, that I may not in vain
Feel thy great pulse beat full of rhythmic life.

Take up the smallest particle of foam,
That floats upon the surface of the deep,
And you have all the substance of the sea;
Take up a grain of sand, a pebble-stone,
And you do hold the Andes in your hand,
And all the globes and all the worlds in space,

For all are one; the smallest, tiniest speck
Is of the solid substance of all worlds.
The star so many million miles away,
Whose light is dim with age before it comes
On its long journey to this little earth,
Is like in nature to the bright, young star
Born yesterday. See this sweet, lovely rose!
Its leaves are love's own blushes, and its dew
A bright, embodied joy; the hemlock pale
Breathes the same air and grows in the same earth,
Nursed by the same great mother. The tall pine,
Aspiring heavenward, pointing to the skies,
Braving the mighty tempest in its wrath,
Is fixed in earth beside the violet,
And the white blood that flows in one's full veins,
Making the healthful odor of the pine,
Is of the same constituent elements
As the sweet dew that bathes the other's leaves.
One changeless, everlasting flow of life
Moves in a mighty current through them all,
And when we mark the ebbing, flowing tide
In one, its birth, its growth, decay and death,
Its struggle to maintain the life it has—
The weakest failing, sinking into death
Ere life has well begun—we see, in brief,
The tale without beginning, without end.
Without beginning! We can't *think* the time,
When time was not, or when there was no ebb
And flow, and coming, going, passing on.
Doubtless there was a time when this small globe,
On which we live and cut fantastic tricks,
Was not a separate theatre of life;
And when our Sun, with all its fervid beams,

Was not a Sun at all; this may well be;
But 'tis impossible to *think* the time
When there was nothing, nothing anywhere.
Time always was, and something was in time.
This earth may be of only yesterday,
Or it may be so many millions old
That 'tis impossible to count its years.
It matters not, it only measures time
For its own sake and not for other worlds;
And when it sprang to being, and assumed
Its place and due position in the scheme,
It only followed the same changeless law
That through eternity had governed all.
The World came not, for it has always been.
The earth, and sun, and all the stars we see,
May have begun as they at last may end.
It is the *form* that changes; time remains,
And the essential entity of things.
Out from eternity that has no date,
Or measurement of moments as they flow,
Because it simply *is*, the universe,
The Cosmos, by its own inherent life,
Assumed the fittest attitude of things,
As it forever does. The worlds grow old,
Hoary with age; the bright suns shed their light,
Grow dark and dim, and pass to other forms,
Brighter, perhaps, than ever; order remains,
And the eternal Cosmos; forms may change
And pass to other forms, but all remains
That is or has been in the endless past.
The little, simple roseleaf of to-day
Shows in an hour scarce one sign of change;
View it to-morrow's sunrise, and its leaves

Are almost ready to drop off the stem;
They're fading, dying, and at night are gone.
The pyramids were builded long ago;
Age after age has gnawed their rocky sides,
Yet scarcely marked the surface of the stone.
Four thousand years, a long, long time to man,
Is but a day and night to things like these;
But they are crumbling, and the teeth of time
Will grind them into infinite small dust;
But they remain; the flower and pyramid
Are both eternal in their elements.
And so with all; the insect of to-day,
Whose little life is ended in a week,
Is as immortal as the god-like man;
It lives, grows old, and dies within a week;
Three score and ten, the limit of man's life,
Is to eternity of equal date.
A ripple on the surface of the sea
May spread from Mexico to the far East,
Striking the shores of distant Hindustan,
And so around the globe; for what is *is*,
And waves as large as mountains are no more.
And so the insect, whose life ends to-day,
Old with the weight of ages in a week,
Makes its small ripple on time's endless sea,
That may touch all the ages in its course,
And doubtless does; for every thing that is,
Is necessary to the scheme of things;
The whole is made of atoms, and the whole
Would be imperfect were the least part gone.
And there is nothing, in the absolute sense,
That ever perishes and goes away—
It only changes and takes other forms.

The life, that fills the insect or the bird,
Making a gaudy butterfly, or a throat
As musical as King Apollo's harp,
May find expression in a nobler form,
But 'tis the same. I kill this common fowl—
Where is the life that filled it, ere the blow
That brought the change called death? In the great sea
Of universal life that fills the whole!
I eat it, and its sweet and tender flesh
Gives strength and vigor to my weary frame,
Re-animates my brain, and fills my soul
With healthful ardor, joy and hope and love.
We see the grasses, flowers, and fruits, and grains,
Feeding on earth and drawing sustenance
From all the elements of earth and air;
We see the cattle, on a thousand hills,
Cropping the grassy herbage, and so live;
We see the wingèd denizens of air
Prey on each other and all insect things,
And so sustain their life, and move, and fly,
And rear their young, until at length they pass
Back to their mother's bosom whence they came.
Ever the same—ever the flowing on
Of life's eternal current! Who can tell
When it began, or where the stream arose?
It always was, and never did begin;
'Tis circular, and in a circle moves,
Just round and round, in one eternal round.
You see it in the movements of the globes,
You see it in the shape of suns and worlds,
They're circular and in a circle move,
Just round and round, in one eternal round;

The eye grows dim and hazy watching it—
The brain grows dazed and dizzy watching it
Move round and round in one eternal round.
O, but there are ten thousand million wheels,
All interlocked, and moving wheel in wheel;
Moving and circling, circling, moving on,
All round and round in one eternal round.
Doubtless were you to journey toward some point
In the far heavens, straight as an arrow flies,
Without once turning to the right or left,
In the long course of ages you would come
Back to the starting place; 'tis circular;
It is one boundless, everlasting globe,
And ever moves in one eternal round.
And when a sun grows old and leaves its place,
Closed in eternal darkness, vanished quite,
There is no void, no great disastrous wreck,
No threat of ruin to the frame of things;
It only follows the eternal round
In which all move, and all its elements
Have gone to other forms, some bright, some dim,
But none are lost in the eternal round.
Chaos can never come; it never was;
Things always have been and must always be,
But moving always in an endless round.
And so life goes, and so the universe;
'Tis evolution of the various forms
Of life, and all the many thousand globes
From the great mass of being; they run on
Their varied course of life, some short, some long,
As their peculiar impulse fits them to,
Till dissolution comes, and they return
Back to the mass of being whence they came,

To start again on their eternal round.
But there's no death or loss, 'tis only change
And movement in the particles of things;
And when I die my life will flow into
Earth, air, and be the minister of life
To many creatures, bird, or beast, or man,
Or vegetables, cotton, grass, or weeds.
There is no endless being in one form,
But life is endless, and it shows itself
Here, there, and everywhere, in many ways,
Ways without number, infinite in form.
And life is one, and life in all is one;
My life is like the lives of other men,
And life in man, bird, beast, or insect things,
Is one in essence, various in form.
And mind or thought, intelligence, desire,
Are one in essence, different in degree.
All creatures on this many-peopled earth,
Are of one blood and kindred each to all;
All have one mother, all one vital breath,
Come forth and pass in one eternal round,
Evolved by the strong working of one law,
Involving by the working of the same.

Music, and Art, and Poetry divine,
With all the grand conceptions that they give
Of beauty that may not fade, of endless life
In a bright world where pain can never come,
Are evolutions from that inner world,
Fair beauty's fount in mother nature's heart,
That flow through all in rhythmic melody,
And find expression through the mind of man,
And are, perhaps, prophetic of a time

In the far future, when this world shall be,
For a short while, when it has grown full ripe
The happy home of full-developed men.
As all things move in one eternal round,
We see that life and death are only names
For the phenomenal aspect of things;
So good and evil are phenomena
And are the same, for there can surely be
No two eternal principles opposed.
All inconveniences we suffer here,
Whether from acts of others, or our own,
Are indications of development
And signs of growth. Just as we see a clod,
Superimposed upon a growing stalk
Of corn, hinders, impedes and warps its growth,
So these imposing objects that impede
Our growth, and warp it from its proper course,
Are no more evil than the clod of earth.

By reasoning thus we only can arrive
At the conclusion that the reign of law
Is fixed, immutable and over all;
That 'tis impossible for any thing,
Event, or circumstance, or act to be,
Ever, at any time, than as it *is*.
We live and move; the freedom of our acts
Is just the freedom of the wild, free winds
Moved by the *law* that acts on them and all.
Our mighty wills and high-aspiring minds,
That would achieve the great and wonderful,
Are creatures only, and are acted on,
Are *made*, indeed, by stern unchanging *law*;
And those poor wretches, whose whole lives are passed

In scenes of sin and wickedness, so called,
Are not responsible, but are so made,
And are the creatures of the same dark law.
Evil and wrong are banished from the earth,
For that which must be, surely must be good;
These are but names for inconveniences,
Which constitute each thing's environment,
And help or hinder its development.
So if one prays or curses 'tis all one,
So far as any merit is concerned;
Prayer makes one happy, let him pray with might;
'Tis good for him; but if he thinks to move
The powers above, or forces underneath,
So as to break the strength of any law,
Or make the heavens more bountiful to him,
He is mistaken, and his prayer is vain.
And he might curse from dawn till set of sun,
No miracle would ever strike him dumb,
Or fix him in his place a mass of stone.
So *Right* and *Wrong* are words that have no sense,
For what is, *is*, and that which should be, is;
If any thing exists, 'tis evidence,
Beyond a doubt, that such thing *should* exist.
And supernatural is another word
That has no meaning to a reasoning mind,
If, by its use, one wishes to convey
The thought that there is any Power above,
Beyond, outside of this material frame,
That made and moves it. The power that moves
Must be within—must be the nature's self,
Inscrutable, impersonal, and in all,
And move with all, in one eternal round.

These are deductions of Philosophy,
That reasons from the known to the unknown,
And builds its structures upon solid facts,
A firm, material basis, that we know
And feel as rock beneath our firm-fixed feet.
Men, in their ignorant and benighted state,
Before the skill of science had let in
The rays of truth upon their darkened minds,
Once worshipped crocodiles, and bulls, and bats.
Or men, made great by good or evil deeds,
As gods, the mighty arbiters of fate;
They worship *now* an uncouth, unknown God,
Made up of three in one and one in three.
But science has dethroned the gods of eld,
And will, no doubt, dethrone the three-in-one,
And move them from the lofty pedestals
Reared by the superstitious minds of men.
Then Nature, august mother of us all,
Will reign, sole goddess, mighty and serene,
Or full of storms, as her eternal laws,
In their profoundest working, shall evolve
From out the principles that she contains.
Worship is child's play; 'tis the act of those,
Who, in their babyhood, know nothing yet,
But simply to look upwards and adore
And wonder at the universe around.
We build on facts; *we* search, investigate,
And probe into the very heart of things,
As far as it is possible to look;
And what we cannot feel, and see, and know,
At least know something of by sense or touch,
Or the clear light of reason, we reject,
Or lay aside till we learn something more.

Facts are the basis upon which to build;
These constitute the everlasting rock,
From which the structure cannot be removed—
Which storms and tempests will assail in vain.
A true philosophy is built on facts,
Which may be verified as facts by all.
We trust to no wild, legendary myths,
However beautiful or full of grace,
However great the hero may have been.
'Tis said that Hercules once conquered death
And brought from his cold arms Admetus' wife;
No one believes it; 'tis a Grecian myth,
But very beautiful, for she had died
To save her husband's life. Then why should we
Believe the Jewish story, how a man
Was crucified, and died, and rose again,
And went to heaven and there became a god?
Wisdom the Savior is—wisdom alone—
And science, her sister, with the starry eyes;
These lead their votaries to the golden heights
Above the lowlands, where the shadows lie;
Above the valleys, where dim, misty shapes,
The ghosts of old Religion linger yet.
Do not believe, but search, investigate;
A blind credulity will lead you far
In superstition's mazes, far from truth,
Where devotees of old Religion bow
To crosses, or to images of saints,
In futile worship of they know not what.
Do not believe, but search and understand;
'Tis not the part of wisdom to believe,
Or take on trust the word of any one,
Were it the word of angel or of God.

How few can climb the mountains! few can know
How clear the air upon the breezy heights!
Ah student, student! could you climb that way,
Could you ascend with me the toilsome steep,
And stand upon the mountain's highest peak,
It might be, yea, it might be you would think
The air too thin and cold, the light too bright
For your weak lungs and eyes, and you might long
For the green, grassy meadows far below;
You might, too late, conclude 'twere better far
Not to be wiser much than other men;
That too much wisdom makes one know but this,
"We nothing know and nothing can be known."
And you might long, how bitterly, too late,
To close your eyes and to retrace your steps,
Guided by some good angel's hand, or God's,
To the calm lowlands, where the Sabbath bell
Calls up the worshippers to prayer and praise.
Stay where you are if there is fear of this;
For it is true, that, on our eminent height,
The brain sometimes grows dizzy watching things
Move round and round in their eternal round.

Forgive me, Lord, that I have written thus;
My hand was guided by another hand;
Another spirit, different from mine,
Has poured the Serpent's wisdom through my brain.
Love is the purest wisdom we can know,
And Thou art love; O let us know Thee, then!
And when the weary spirit longs for rest,
Where shall it go? Why, Thou art rest itself,
And light itself, and love; and knowing Thee,
We know what light and love and wisdom are.

Not to the cold and barren mountain top,
Would we ascend, O God, but to Thy heart.

THE MYSTIC.

The highest aspiration of the soul,
Its chiefest happiness, is to unite
And lose itself in union with its source;
To pass into the universal life,
Lost as a drop of water in the sea.
God is the source of nature and its soul;
He is the oversoul, that lives through all,
And animates the vast material frame,
That without Him were nothing. He is life;
Matter is death, or else the cause of death,
And binds the free soul in the chains of sense.
I would go back to God, and rid myself
Of all the thralling senses of the flesh,
That so defile my bright immortal part.
O thou pure Spirit! shall I mortify
These appetites that seem so very sweet,
That I may come before Thee chaste and pure?
Must I reject the sweet delights of love,
Know not the name of father, taste no joys
That make so bright the lives of other men?
Sin, with its strong, seductive influence, comes
And lures me, through the senses, to my death,
And evil spirits, through bright woman's form,

Tempt, as of old, to eat forbidden fruit;
And all the senses are but avenues
Through which the demons reach my fainting soul.
Help me, O God! with thy strength to escape
The snares of sense, that I may conquer thus
All obstacles that keep my soul from Thee;
And lead me to some desert far away,
To some lone cave, 'mid rocky solitudes,
Where, Thou being helper, devils all my foes,
may be victor over all, through Thee.
'Twas in the wilderness that Moses lived
For forty years and grew a mighty man;
'Twas here he saw the burning bush, and burned
All appetites and passions from his soul,
But to know God. 'Twas here the fiery John,
Surnamed the Baptist, wore his flesh away
In many a conflict with the Evil One.
'Twas through the wilderness that Moses led
The chosen people to the Promised Land;
And in the wilderness, One, mightier far,
O'erthrew the greatest of the evil ones,
By meeting him in each corporeal sense
And bruising his proud head beneath His heel.
These went not to the wilderness to shun
The combat with the foe, perhaps defeat—
That were defeat itself—they went to meet
Him on his chosen ground with none to help
But God alone. They, face to face, did stand,
With him, the beautiful, who fell from heaven;
They heard his voice—heard him who tempted Eve,
And led away one-third the hosts of heaven
By his seductive wiles. He promised them
The greatest thrones and kingdoms of this world,

And gold and splendor, riches, crowns, and gems—
All joys of earth, if they would worship him ;
He promised lovely women, lovelier far
Than Helen was, or Venus, queen of love ;
And showed them, in their dreams, such lovely shapes,
Floating in regal splendor round their beds,
With eyes as tender as sweet violets
And voices soft as flutes. Such often came,
Looking with pitiful, magnetic eyes
Upon them in their pain, as if they'd charm
All ill and every thought of ill away.
And in their lonely vigils, many times
They heard most dulcet voices on the air,
In tones of pity, such as one might hear
From weeping angels. But they knew that these
Were semblances, and that the sighs were false—
They turned from them and heard them rail and curse.
They never could be wholly sanctified,
Until the pleasures of the appetites
Moved them no more than light winds move the sun.
So when they heard these voices, when the eyes,
That looked so pitiful, appeared to them,
Like stars of heaven, bright shining in the dark,
They knew, because so pleasant, they were false ;
They turned from them and heard their gnashing teeth,
And saw the eyes gleam with the fire of hell.

The Holy Ghost cannot abide in me
While my flesh burns with hot, infernal fire ;
I must be pure ; no flesh of beast or bird
Must pass my lips ; the kindly fruits of earth
Must be my food, and water my sole drink.
It may be, as my body wastes away

With vigils, fastings and sharp penances,
It may be then that God will pity me,
And conquer for me my infernal foes;
It may be then that He will lift me up,
And take me to his bosom as His child,
And let me rest right there forevermore.
But now, how hot and sore the battle is!
How can I conquer? But I must, or die,
Die utterly, as did the morning star,
When Lucifer fell from heaven. The body's death
Were sweet and easy! O, for martyr fires
To burn at once this sinful flesh away!

Moved by these thoughts I sought the desert here,
Long years ago, in manhood's early prime.
I left my native country far away,
Its bright, green valleys to be seen no more.
I came and fitted up this rocky cave,
Just as you see it now, with this rude couch,
And with these implements you see around.
And here the tragic drama of a soul
Has been enacted between heaven and hell;
Angels of light and darkness have looked on,
Have looked and mingled in the direful fray—
A soul the stake, and that sad soul my own.
If you can listen to the mournful tale,
'Twill ease my dying moments, for I know
That I must soon pass from the battle-field
To final judgment and to final doom.
I cannot tell in full the wretched tale,
For time would fail me to relate the sad
And mournful story in its full details.
A few extracts or pages I will give,

Enough, perhaps, to make you see and feel
How terribly the conflict has been waged.
I came in Spring, and lived, a little while,
Untroubled by a sinful thought or dream,
While hand and head were busy, here and there,
In fitting up my cave, and planting seeds
In a small plat of ground, my garden there.
This sweet time passed, and then there came one night—
O, Mary, mother! thou didst pity me!
Or surely I had perished utterly—
A lovely shape, it seemed like one I'd known
In my own native country long before—
Like one I'd known and loved. It smiled on me,
And pointed with its fingers toward the skies,
As if its home were there, and we would meet
Once more when death was passed. But O, dear God!
It was a Lamia, and its evil eyes,
Beneath their sweetness, hid a lambent flame,
That burned with fire of hell. It sought to slay,
To lure me with the fond, delusive hope
Of sweet re-union, in a world of light,
With one I'd loved and who loved me on earth.
Thou askest, Christ, an undivided heart;
No love must come betwixt the soul and Thee;
No maiden's love, no mother's, wife's, or child's,
Must intervene, so as to blind the eyes,
And turn the heart from that absorbing love
That must unite the soul of man to Thee.
Thee only must I love, Thee first, Thee last!
O, Mary, mother! intercede for me,
With thy Son that He make me wholly His;
And pardon me for having dreams of love,
And loving any other than Himself.

Soon as that beautiful, seductive shape
Saw that its wiles were vain, it went away,
But left me sore distressed and full of doubt,
And weak in mind and body. Not for long
Was I permitted to remain alone—
Never, were I to live a thousand years,
Could I forget the dark, malignant eyes,
That smote me with their lightning then. All hell
Seemed concentrated in two lurid spots
Of dark, hot, glowing, red, infernal fire.
I know not, but I think that madness seized
Me for a little while, and I became
Insensible, and all was blotted out.
When I awoke the sun was in the east,
And morning tipped the mountains with its light—
Morn came to earth, but brought no light to me.

O stranger friend, you are so kind to me—
Reach me that cup of water, I am faint;
The spring of life in me is growing weak;
But I did want, O, I did long so much
To know God ere I died, to meet with Him,
To have my life absorbed and lost in His.
Is it too late? And have I fought in vain,
And watched and prayed and fasted all in vain?
It cannot be; God is too just for this;
Nay, heaven is won, though earth is lost to me.

What I've related took place long ago,
In the first years, when I was full of hope
That I could conquer even as Moses did;
That I, like John the Baptist, coming forth,
From the wild desert, by the spirit led,

Might be another voice to call the world
To quick repentance for their many sins.
Were I to call, O, who would hear me now!
And who could hear my fainting, feeble voice,
Almost too weak to murmur e'en a prayer?
I have so many times been led to think—
Was it the evil one suggested this?
That God no longer heard me when I prayed.
Stoop lower, friend, think you 'twill soon be o'er?
Will the dark river roll its turbid waves
Over my soul and sweep me down to hell?
Or have my prayers and penances won heaven?

But not all gloomy are my days; my nights
Are sometimes blessed with such a calm, deep sleep,
I feel as though an angel from the world
Of everlasting light had come to me,
And fanned me with his bright, peace-giving wings.
Sometimes, in mystic contemplation led,
My soul ascends to such celestial heights,
To such deep regions of eternal peace,
Conflict seems ended, and such happy thoughts
Then visit me as drive all pain away;
God seems so good, so infinitely near,
I think that I am lost in Him at last.
One evening, in a season of such rest,
Just as the full moon rose above the top
Of yonder mountain, and with silver rays
Flooded the rocky valley, filled my cave,
And glorified all objects with its light,
I saw one coming, like the Son of Man,
Adown the valley; silver-white His robes,
Brighter than sunlight was His golden hair,

And mild as peace itself His glorious face.
I sat just there, at the cave's mouth, when He,
Stopping a moment, ere He took my hand,
And looking on me with such yearning eyes,
Said these words only, "Lovest thou me?" That voice,
Sweeter than music's most melodious tone,
Thrilled like a mother's wail. "O Lord, Thou knowest,
Thou knowest that I love Thee!" "Feed my sheep"
He spake, and He was gone. But after this
I grew more hopeful, lived for many months,
As I thought, nearer God, and visited
The people thinly scattered 'mongst the hills,
And in the neighboring hamlets. This went on,
How long I know not, till I saw one day
A lovely maiden feed her father's flocks.
O, she was beautiful as early dawn,
And pure as heaven itself! I loved her then.
You know what 'tis to love, for you have loved,
And had your love returned, and thought it right;
You see the kindling light in the dear eyes
At your approach; a tender, happy smile
Breaks o'er the lips and flushes the pure face;
Each motion of the lithe and graceful form,
Yea, every fold and movement of the dress,
Breathes happy welcome, and the two are blest.
To me it was not purity and peace,
For me to love was sin and utmost hell;
'Twas drawing me from heaven, and placing me
Once more upon the ground with common men;
And lower far; in me 'twas deadly sin.
I loved, but could not breathe a word of love,
But like a lost soul looking into heaven,
And seeing the happy angels come and go,

And harpers harping on their golden harps,
And many mansions of beatitude,
And fountains playing near the river side,
And many glories inexpressible—
So I saw her, the heaven of heavens to me,
The fount of joy, the very water of life,
So very near, yet infinitely far,
And never, never to draw near to me.
The highest aspiration of my soul
Had been to know God and to lose itself
In union with Him, and I worshipped *her*.
O, what a mournful, cruel fate was mine!
Long weeks of fastings, watchings, penances,
And cruel scourgings of the flesh, and then
A wasting fever brought me near to death.
But I came back to life, if life it be
To feel the ceaseless anguish of remorse,
The grief, the shame of having fallen away
From mountain heights of glory to a depth
From which I felt I could not rise again.
Such was my fall and such my agony,
And such the burning fever of remorse,
And such the shame, the feeling of defeat,
The thought that life was wasted in a vain
And futile effort to attain a goal,
A crown of righteousness not made for me.
Should I give up the contest, fall away,
Go back in weakness to the common life
Of common men, and so have lived in vain?
Too late, too late; my childhood's early home
Was in the hands of strangers; I would be
A stranger in my native land, and strange
To all the ways and lives of other men.

The door was closed behind me, and no more
Could I return. The Israelites of old
Found the deep waters of the dark Red Sea,
That once had opened for their passage through,
Ready to drown them, as they had their foes,
Should they essay return. Before me lay
A dreary wilderness of desert sand,
Open, but lonely as the way of death;
Behind me bars that could not be o'erpassed.
O, was it all delusion? Was the hope
To reach the goal, the mighty crown of life,
By meditation, fasting, lonely prayer,
A wild delusion and a monstrous cheat?
The thought was madness. Had I thrown away
My life in chase of dreams? O, what a fate!
My sole desire had been to give up all,
To pluck the right eye out, to sacrifice
Love, home and friends, my very life itself,
To one, whom I could never, never find.
I could not pray, the words seemed driven back,
When they sought utterance; hope itself lay dead,
Or, like a thin, white phantom, scarcely lived.
Bear with me, friend, my tale will soon be told.
How thin this hand! 'tis wasted clean away;
My life is passing, death I know is near.
Think you that God will take me when I die,
Or must I sink? O, no, it cannot be,
That I must dwell in everlasting fire.
Christ pity me, and Mary intercede
With thy dear Son that He take me at last.

The battle has been fought, the strife is o'er,
The victory not won, and I lay down

My arms, sore hurt, too weak to struggle more;
I now wait death, but wait it without fear,
Though little hope; I am, at last, resigned.
But looking back o'er all the wretched past,
The bitter struggle, that has borne such fruit,
The ineffectual effort to achieve,
And realize ideals great and high,
Can I condemn myself? Surely the ground
On which I stood was the sure word of God!
I dreamed of such a noble life; I thought
That I might stand where Moses stood, and John,
Elias, Peter and James, upon the mount
With Christ, transfigured with Him there; I failed;
The dream is not made real, and I die,
Not on the mountain top and glorified,
But at its foot, dishonored and not crowned.
But though I failed, has my life been in vain?
Is it not well to die in such a cause,
Though dying without grasping the high prize?
You think I was mistaken in some things?
Granted; therefore I failed; but the main thought,
To live on earth a pure and sinless life,
Was surely one on which the heavens might smile.
Surely to be like God we must be chaste,
We must subdue all fleshly appetites;
The body must be pure, or how can it
Be the fit temple of the Holy Ghost?
But I have failed, and I must pass away
And leave no trace, this cave my resting place,
Until the mighty trump shall call the dead
To judgment and to bliss or woe. I failed;
But still I feel I have not lived in vain
And suffered vainly, for I know that I

Have loved the Lord, and thought it was for Him
I sought the desert, sought to crucify
All appetites and passions for His sake.
He will judge rightly both in wrath and love;
In His hands do I place my life, my all.
If I have erred, if I have aimed amiss,
Sure 'twas a noble error, for I thought
To do Him service who had died for me.
I thought that He required this sacrifice;
He tells us for His sake to give up all—
To give up father, mother, sister, wife,
Brother or child, or anything that comes
Between His love and us, that we might be
His only, here, and His beyond the grave.
I tried and failed; temptation came to me;
Temptation came that I could not resist,
Being very weak; but O, He knows I tried,
I tried to crucify this human love,
That was so sweet, because I thought by this
To do Him service; it was all for Him.
You think 'twas not required, and that I erred
In this? How greatly have I suffered then
For this mistake! How sad to think that I
Dishonored when I thought to honor Him!
But though I've erred and though I aimed amiss,
It was an aim that did deserve success,
Because a high one. And the time will come,
When others, knowing better, having learned
By observation of our sad mistakes,
And deeper knowledge of the word of God,
Will yet achieve a wonderful success
And more than realize the grandest dreams.
For there remains, and ever will, this truth:

The highest aspiration of the soul,
Its chiefest happiness, is to unite
And lose itself in union with its source;
To pass into the universal life,
Lost as a drop of water in the sea.
This truth remains, and all regenerate souls,
And all who seek to be regenerate,
Are ever tending, ever moving on
To its fruition, ere they lay aside
This mortal state and tenement of clay.
This is the great and everlasting truth,
That thrills aspiring hearts and wakes to life
The dormant energies and powers of man;
This moved to martyrdom St. Stephen, Paul,
And thousand others, of the early church;
This moves the bearers of the cross to go
To other lands, o'er deserts, mountains, seas,
Holding aloft the blessed symbol, sign
Of mercy and redemption to the lost.
'Twas this moved me to flee the haunts of men,
Hoping to find, in quiet solitudes,
The well of water of eternal life,
Where drinking freely, I might purify
My mortal body from all taint of sin,
And feeling strong in the great strength of God,
Return, with mighty inspiration in my voice,
To preach repentance to the sons of men.
I failed; I feel that I am dying now;
Like the light breeze that blows across the wild
And comes not back, so flits my life away
Across the deserts and the hills of time—
Away, away, an unreturning ghost.
My work is ended, whether good or ill;

Ended too soon, for I had thought to do
So much, and now I vanish from the earth
With nothing done. Can I begin again
Beyond the stars, or in some fair, young world,
Where I can work and feel I do not fail?
O, happy thought! though unreturning here,
I sail not through a dark, uncharted sea,
But, wafted by propitious winds, I go
To that place which is best for me. I'll learn
Wherein I went astray on earth, and why,
Though moved by noblest purposes, I missed
Attainment of the highest prize of life;
And—in a better world, where all, who wish,
May rise to greater altitudes of thought,
And more celestial purity of soul—
Begin again the work I failed in here.

I know that I am sinking slowly down
Into the arms of sweet, reposeful death,
Like one just dropping into sleep. Ere long
And then the weary beating of the heart
Will be quite still, and the tired eyelids close
Over the eyes no longer bright with life.
And, friend, as I grow weak I feel a change,
A peaceful feeling come across my breast—
A feeling that I'm glad the battle's o'er,
And I can lay aside my arms and rest.
And tell me, do you think 'twould be a sin
Before I go, for me to see once more
The daughter of that shepherd of the hills
I told you of—I loved her so. It seems
If *she* were by me, could her gentle hands
Close my tired eyes, that I could better sleep.

Ought she to come to soothe the dying hours
Of one she should not love? 'Twill soon be o'er,
And I will soon be very far away,
Beyond the reach of any earthly love,
Forgiveness or resentment. Is she here?
O, 'tis as though an angel had come down
To this dull cave and shed his glory round!
May God forgive me, if it be a sin,
But I feel now that I can die in peace,
Knowing that she is near me. My thoughts turn
Once more to boyhood's sinless, happy days;
I seem to see that mother, whose dear eyes
Did watch so lovingly my wayward steps;
Whose voice so gently chid me when I erred;
Who nursed me through all sickness, tiring not.
She used to tell me of the holy saints
And martyrs of the days of old, who lived
And died for Christ. She seemed herself a saint,
Stainless and pure, in my adoring eyes.
Her face would kindle with an earnest love,
Her eyes e'erflow with pure and tender tears,
And her voice tremble, sometimes break and fail,
When speaking of the wondrous love of Christ,
And of that heaven that we could win through Him.
Doubtless her zeal, her warm and eloquent words
First moved my heart to seek the wilderness,
Far from the haunts of men and sin's wide track.
I thank her for it, though my life has been
One long, hard scene of struggle and defeat.
She gave me hopes that look beyond the grave;
She taught me to look up, to lift my eyes
Above ignoble things, to keep my heart
Pure as the very temple of my God.

And if I've failed to do a perfect work,
'Tis not that will was wanting, but the power,
And it may be I trusted my own strength
Too much, and not enough the source of strength.

Ye rocky hills and desert solitudes!
Ye winds, that come and go around my cave!
Ye unseen, silent spirits of the waste!
Ye sun and moon, and ye eternal stars!
Bear witness to the conflicts that I had,
Many and fierce, with all the evil powers;
Bear witness to my prayers, my penances,
And cruel scourgings of rebellious flesh.
And thou, Azalia, daughter of these hills,
Bright as Aurora, goddess of the morn,
When coming from her chambers in the east,
Lovely as Venus rising from the sea,
But pure as God's own virgins, witness thou,
I fled *thy* presence that I might not sin
In loving thee too much. And now farewell!
I go through death's deep valley, where the shades
Are thickest, and the way is dark—so dark,
No light e'er penetrates the gloomy depths.
Your hand, Azalia; let me die with you
Upon one side and this dear stranger friend
The other, with your hands fast locked in mine.

And so he passed to his last rest; so died
After a feverish struggle to attain
A state of exaltation that is not
That way to be attained. His thought was good,
His purpose honest issues are with God.
What life is wasted, God alone can tell;

But surely that is not which seeks, howe'er
Mistaken in the method of its search,
To honor Him—the effort He accepts,
And doubtless in a region nearer God
Mistakes will be corrected. Only those
Who love the evil, who go wrong of choice,
Stay under clouds of darkness without light.
Sweet charity, that hides a multitude
Of errors and mistakes, should surely hide
And cover clean up from all sight but God's—
And He looks very pitiful on such—
Such sins as they commit, who crucify
Themselves and live a daily martyrdom
Because they think it right. "Deny thyself,"
If thou wouldst rise above the sensual sty
In which fools live. Devotion to the right,
At any cost, is the true hero's aim.

THE LOVER.

The highest aspiration of the soul,
Its chieftest happiness, is to unite
And lose itself in union with its source;
To meet and mingle with the fount of life,
Lost as a drop of water in the sea.
The joy, the bliss, the ecstacy of heaven,
The happiness that all the angels know,
Consists in this, that evermore the life
That flows from God, flows freely through their forms.

They're blest beyond all telling, because they
Move instantly as they are moved by Him;
No conflict of emotion, no distrust
E'er thrills with pain their sweet harmonious nerves;
If any change occurs in their pure state—
And change must come, else joy would be a pain—
It is from one sweet strain of harmony
To others sweeter, more harmonious still;
Like music flowing in an endless change
Of rich, inspiring sounds, that thrill each sense
With ever new and deeper thoughts of joy.
To live is ecstacy; the balmy air,
Filling the lungs at each inspiring breath,
Flows like a strain of music through all frames,
Waking rich thoughts, and only thoughts of joy,
That long to overflow their bounds and give
To others of a bliss that cannot fail.
All movements of the quick, ethereal frame
Give only joy to the indwelling soul.
No weariness of muscle, no dull pain,
No sharp neuralgic twinges through the limbs,
No weary sickness, wasting, nor decay,
Gives solemn warning of a fatal end
To life and all sweet memories of mind and heart.
And this is so because that God is love;
His breath is all one fluent breath of love,
Flowing through all, and giving life to all;
And they receive it with responsive hearts,
Making themselves bright, glory-forms of love.

O happiness, which is the air of heaven!
Can there not come some solemn strains to us,
And fill us with a deep, abounding joy?

Breathe low, celestial harp, let thy sweet strains
Float round us, through us, like a fairy song
Sung in the breast by some sweet dwellers there.

SONG.

All earnest and pure-hearted lovers sigh
For the celestial dawn, when golden Peace,
Full-handed, bearing heavenly gifts to man,
Shall fly abroad upon the wings of morn,
Linked arm in arm with her sweet sister Love.

Descend, O heavenly morn! let thy bright beams
Dispel the darkness of the ancient night,
And usher in the day when golden Peace
Shall dwell in every heart and home of man,
Linked arm in arm with her pure sister Love.

Fly war, to your own home, your dark domain,
Far from the earth, the dwelling-place of man,
And let the angels come from heaven once more,
And bring the shining, bright-robed, golden Peace,
And her sweet sister, fair, celestial Love.

Abide with man, O silver-footed Peace,
Dwell in his heart, and in his home by day
And night, until at last, his heart and home
Are gladdened by the presence of the fays,
Singing the songs of endless Peace and Love.

If ever can return the golden age
That poets say existed at the first;
If ever misery and war can cease;
If ever happiness can fill man's life;
If ever sickness, pain, discord and want,
Can disappear and vanish from the earth,

'Twill be through thee, thou bright, celestial Love.
If ever man can be restored to God;
If ever earth shall cease to groan and writhe
In agony, as though the pains of hell
Were following fast upon the steps of death,
'Twill be through thy descent, celestial Love.
Earth groans in pain and travail until now;
The glory-beams, that give divine content,
Fall here and there, in broken, scattered rays,
Touching some hearts with hopes of better things,
And giving glimpses of the heaven above,
The happy home of pure, celestial Love.

'Tis said that love is blind; true love is not;
True love is not a passion that consumes
With fires of lust the heart it makes its home;
It is a steady, pure, immortal flame,
Burning with quenchless ardor, that consumes
To dust and ashes all things vile and base,
Leaving the heart, like gold, unhurt by fire.
It gives new vigor to the weary frame,
New life to the worn spirit of the man
That welcomes it from its celestial home.
It holds the key to all the mysteries
That hide in nature's grand material frame;
It sees whence comes and whither goes its life.
No stern, immutable, unbending law,
That, working blindly through material things,
Evolves and then involves, all living forms,
First forth, then back, in one eternal round,
But life that works by thought and pure good-will,
To give itself, the essence of all joy,
To others, and to bear them, move them on,

From joy to joy in one eternal course.
The senses are not vile, for He who made
All worlds in all the universe, who clothed
The earth with flowers and carpets of green grass,
Who gave the suns their light, the fruits their juice,
The flowers their sweetness and their glorious hues,
Made man with all the senses that he has,
And made him to enjoy all sights and sounds,
All fragrances that all the herbs distil,
And all the sweetness of rich juicy fruits.
He does not work in vain, nor work amiss ;
And we charge Him with folly when we say
That any thing is vile that He has made.
He pours out blessings with rejoicing hand
On man and beast and every form of life ;
He gave us wishes, feelings, thoughts, desires,
And a great, hungry longing to enjoy
The feast we find prepared for every sense ;
Nor is this wrong ; it is not wrong to eat ;
To breathe the fragrance of the morning flowers ;
To taste the juicy sweetness of the peach ;
To drink the cool sherbet or lemonade ;
To pluck the rich, ripe clusters of the grape
And form the wine, the emblem of Christ's blood ;
This is not wrong ; nor is it wrong to dance
In the exuberant gayety of youth.
He loves to make us happy ; 'tis His joy
To see the creatures of his hands rejoice.
Not by his will was ever any pain,
Or any sorrow in the heart of man ;
Not by His will did ever evil come,
And, in its coming, bring the terror, death.
He wills good only, therefore He provides

Banquets for every sense, for eye and ear,
For taste and touch that should give only joy.
The end and aim of all that He has made,
Rich, bright, or dark, most brilliant or obscure,
Is to give joy and make that joy complete.
He is a conscious being, full of thought,
Willing and loving as a father does,
And not impersonal—a blind, moving Force,
Working through matter, only that it may
Evolve from it and then dissolve again
The forms of life, in one eternal round.
He is a father and a mother too;
In Him are blended all the attributes
And feelings that make up the perfect man;
He *is* man, therefore it is truly said
That like Himself He fashioned and made man;
Not otherwise is that old saying true,
Nor can it be if he was not first man.
Therefore it follows that the perfect man,
He who is purest, noblest in his life,
Wisest and gentlest, is the most like God,
And moves a still force, never saying much,
His power the greatest wonder to himself.
Because of all men he is most like God
He puts himself down least and last of all.
And woman is the counterpart of man,
Not opposite, another separate soul,
But, of himself the other complete half,
And making with him one organic whole.
They cannot live apart, the two *are* one,
One in the mind and central thought of God,
And as one only can they be like Him.
The genesis of creation is in love;

'Tis all one nuptial, one pure marriage joy—
Through nuptial joy God gives His own pure life.

Not in a life of ease, and consecrate
To merely gentle leisure, is peace found;
Not in a life self-seeking, given up
To pleasure, money making, or the world;
It is a plant of strong and vigorous growth,
And can live only when the breath of God
Blows through the frame, a strong celestial fire,
Burning before it, like a scorching flame,
All selfish feelings in its fiery course.
We must be God's or duty's, 'tis the same—
Therefore the mystic, even he who erred
So widely when he vainly tried to crush
All natural feelings, thinking it was right,
Erred not so widely as the sensual man,
Who seeks development in giving rein
And curbing not the passions as they rise.
The voice of duty must be heeded, stern,
Implacable, unyielding though it be;
It must be heeded, even though its call
Require the plucking of the right eye out,
Or any sacrifice that may be named,
E'en to the loss of life and all things else.
Therefore the natural senses that God made,
Though pure and perfect as He gave them us,
And to be used—or else they had not been—
Must be obedient to His higher will,
And serve His purpose, never ours alone.
And the ascetic and the debauchee
Both widely err, but the ascetic least;
One nobly errs, the other is a hog.

But when the senses are all sanctified,
As they may be, by the indwelling Christ,
They live with an immortal vigor, pure,
And strong, and exquisite, as angels know
In highest heaven in their serene abodes.
'Tis not the senses shut us out from God,
But our own wills, debased, impure, perverse.
'Tis true that Paradise has been regained,
And we can eat now of the Tree of Life
Safely. The angel with the flaming sword
Stands at the gate, but he will welcome us,
If we have learned the password, or received
The charm that renders harmless his bright sword.
That charm is purity of mind and heart—
Make pure the love, which is the fount of life,
Go with your heart made clean from thought of lust,
The pearly gate, that guards the open way,
Will turn upon its hinges to admit
You to the golden city in which grows
The Tree of Life, and many other trees,
Whose fadeless leaves make music as they move.
ONE speaking on this theme, (His voice was God's,)
As He upon a mountain-side one day,
Sat teaching many people, spake and said:
"The pure in heart are blessed, they shall see God."
They're blest above all telling, because they
Feel in their hearts they have no will but His;
He dwells in them and they in Him, one life;
So living, life is doubly dear and sweet—
The soul is born again, and, re-create,
Is clean and holy as the temple of God.
This is the state to which doth always tend
The aspiring heart that would be most divine.

Union with God is not to be attained
By crushing out the senses that he gave,
But by refining them with his pure breath
And raising them to the celestial life.

The fructification of all fruits and flowers,
The genesis of every form of life,
So far as we can see it anywhere,
From low to high, from insect up to man,
Is from the union of the two-in-one.
And all true joy, the basis of all joy,
Is nuptial, and the fountain from which flow
All others that make glad the hearts of men—
Nay, more, it is the joy the angels know,
For without this there is no perfect life.
Therefore it is, the ardent, dreaming youth,
When waking to the mystery of life,
Ere yet his heart has found its counterpart,
Has boundless longings for that unknown mate,
And oft in sighs, and in sweet flowing verse,
Gives fond expression to his thoughts and dreams:

LONGINGS.

O, unknown angel of my dreams!
When shall I see thy face?
Thou walkest by what heavenly streams,
With what celestial grace?

Ah, tell me, wilt thou yet at last
Reveal thyself to me?
Or must I wait till death is passed
Ere I thy features see?

I know that thou dost wait for me
Somewhere, as even I
Wait here in this dark world for thee,
And with sweet longing die.

I know that somewhere, far or near,
Perhaps in heaven e'en now,
Thou waftest love-words to me here,
That come I know not how.

O, unknown angel of my dreams!
When shall I see thy face?
Shine on me with thy morning beams
From heaven thy native place.

And when she's found, ere yet he knows that she
Is his true counterpart, and longs for him
As he for her, and to be lost in him,
And have no life but his, he pours in verse
His hopes and fears, the worship of his soul:

MY SAINT AGNES.

What shall I say, sweet Agnes? Do I love?
The word is tame, I worship and adore;
Thou art so far, so very far above
All other women I have known before,
A saintly Agnes, of the days of yore,
Thou seemest, with thy spiritual, pale face;
A saintly Agnes—O, it may be more!
Not less art thou, and thy angelic grace
Can never on this earth find fitting dwelling-place.

Thy true home is not here, but far away
In some bright world where there is never sin,
Close to the heart of God; but wilt thou stay
Here for a little while, and help me win
A crown of life, at least till I begin
The upward way to thy own home in heaven?
Pray, Agnes, that the harsh, infernal din
That in my brain roars clanging, morn and even,
May change to music sweet, with sense of sins forgiven.

Pray for me, Agnes; let thy pure, sweet voice
  Waft my name upwards to the Great White Throne;
Surely to hear, the heavens would all rejoice,
  And God would heed such earnest, pleading tone—
  I cannot pray, I can but only moan
In broken words, not like thy soulful prayer;
  I worship *thee*, Saint Agnes, thee alone,
And when I dare, if I do ever dare
To pray, 'tis thy name thrills and trembles on the air.

When, in the consummation of his life,
The two are one, and she is lost in him
And he in her, in one pure, nuptial joy,
They walk abroad, and in each opening rose,
They hear, or think they hear, the fairies sing
A nuptial song, such as they sing in heaven:

NUPTIAL SONG.

I heard a pure, sweet, tiny voice
  Sing in a rich, red rose one day;
And O, it made my heart rejoice
  To hear that bright melodious lay:
  It said, "Fly, fly, thou happy fay,
To human hearts thou lovest so well;
  Returns once more the golden day
Earth knew of old, ere Adam fell.

Conjugial love, the crown of life
  Is felt and known on earth once more,
And the dear bosom of the wife
  With tender bliss is running o'er;
  Fly fay, with all thy golden store,
And hive it in the hearts of these,
  Who've found the key that opes the door
To heaven's conjugial mysteries.

Sing in their hearts the heavenly lay
So sadly lost so long ago;
Sing, sing, until, thou happy fay,
They've learned the joys the angels know!
Blow thy sweet pipe, the syrinx blow!
Make nuptial music all day long,
And teach the swift hours as they go
Heaven's own pure, glad, conjugial song.

Delay not, fay, but haste away
To human hearts thou lovest so well;
Returns once more the golden day
Earth knew of old, ere Adam fell;
Hark, hearest thou not the marriage bell
Ring on the air this day so sweet?
Haste fay, away, for all is well,
And make the nuptial joy complete."

But bear in mind that there is one for each,
And only one through all eternity;
True love is always pure as crystal glass,
Reflecting sole the image of the loved;
It wanders not from lovely face to face,
Seeking the sweets of honey-laden lips;
It never dallies with a kiss, it knows
The sweetness of a woman's lips is pure
If tasted purely, never otherwise.
The love is life, and to make pure the life
The love between the sexes must be pure.
True chastity is not to crucify
That love which fills the earth with happy homes,
But to live purely with the wedded mate.
Our natural senses are not foes to God,
But they may be—may be arrayed against
Him and His might, and then they're springs of pain;

But when they thrill responsive to His will
They're glorified, and we taste heaven on earth.

I knew two, once, whose footsteps seemed to tread
Upon the floor of heaven, they were so pure,
Gentle and upright in their daily lives.
They had their crosses just as others have,
But they were borne so meekly they became,
Like that of Christ, a glory and a crown.
They lived a life of faith, for they were poor,
That is, what we call poor, though wanting naught.
Their meal tub was ne'er empty, nor the cruse
Of oil, to furnish them their daily food;
These failed not, and they had an overstore
To feed the hungry, when the hungry came.
As they grew old their heads grew silver-white,
And shone like snow upon a mountain-top
When touched by morning issuing from the east;
For they were walking to the morning land,
And caught its light upon their snow-white heads.
Their children loved them; it was beautiful
To see the fond devotion which their sons
And daughters, waiting on their aged steps,
Exhibited in every word and deed.
As they grew old—they never did grow old
In mind and heart, but only old in years—
As they grew old they seemed to feel within
A springing fountain of eternal life;
Age touched them lightly, and they seemed to grow
Young with the youth of some celestial clime;
And when they died they only passed away,
Like children in the arms of heavenly sleep.
I've never seen them in their new abodes;

Eye hath not seen and neither hath the ear
Heard of the things that God prepared for them.
I've never seen them, but I cannot doubt
That it is well with them ; that in some land,
Brighter than poet's fair, immortal dreams,
They dwell serene above the clouds of death.
These two were lovers, lovers in their youth,
And in their prime, and lovers in old age;
He looked upon the world through her dear eyes,
That shone with love; love made it very fair,
And glorified it with the light of heaven.
He was her wisdom and intelligence,
And taught her love the wisdom which is God's.
So living purely they became as one,
Dreamed the same dreams and had the same pure thoughts;
His soul was hers, and her sweet soul was his ;
Their lives were blended consciously as one,
And this more perfectly until they passed
Away from earth to their eternal home.

THE LOVER'S HYMN TO NATURE.

Wave, wave ye trees, your strong, green branches wave,
And let the singing birds, that seek your shades,
Build 'mongst your boughs their nests and rear their young,
Pouring their souls out in melodious song!
Breathe, breathe, ye flowers, your honey-laden sighs!
I hear your whispers, and I know the words,
That ye would speak, could ye but shape the sounds
Into the coarse, articulate speech of man!
And ye, green grasses, that so clothe the fields,
And brook-side meadows, that else naked were,
Invite the fairies to your green retreats,
When day gives place to soft and tender night,

And let the Queen Titania hold her court
Under the moonlight, crowned with buttercups!
Ye Katydids, that, as the story goes,
Were once gay creatures of the elements,
Trill your shrill songs and say that Katy did,
For doubtless Katy did, for love is sweet!
And all ye crickets singing in the grass,
Sing on, for in the arms of earth I doubt
If any creatures are more blithe than ye!
Breathe forth, O life, O living, happy soul!
Fair nature's inmost heart, breathe forth your life,
And make the universal world rejoice,
And all the living creatures on earth's breast!
Send forth your morning from the gates of light
And let it fly o'er the revolving world!
For God is in you, and His life is love;
Show forth that love to the fond hearts of men,
And teach them to behold that love in you.
We live in Him, we move in Him, and you
Circle forever round the Great White Throne.
Praise Him, ye stars, praise Him, ye wingèd winds!
Praise Him, ye storm and thunder, lightning, hail!
And let your waves, old ocean, sound His praise!
Ye birds and beasts, ye cattle on all hills,
And ye, green grasses, roses, lilies pale,
Ye stocks and stones, and babbling, singing brooks,
Grow, move and live, but only for his praise.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

Is this a mystic poem that I write?
I do not know, I do but trust myself
To Providence upon the sea of song.
I know the port, the haven, to which I tend,
But not the many islands on the way,
That, gem-like, deck the sea. One thing I know,
That, as the breezes blow and lift the sails,
I seem to hear sweet voices calling me;
They call me from the air and from the clouds,
And from the isles that in the distance shine.
I see the hands, the fair, white hands of truth
And poesy; they beckon me o'er the sea;
'Tis safe to follow wheresoe'er they lead,
E'en though through stormy billows and to death,
And not as now o'er this fair silver sea.
'Tis safe to follow the white feet of truth;
The billows bathe their whiteness, and they shine
Like pearly gems as they glide o'er the waves.
Come, loose the bark and let the breezes lift
The sails, and let the sea's bright, rippling waves
Sing low and sweet as the keel cuts their crests.

Far off some woody mountains raise their heads
Bright in the sunshine, while the singing waves
Flow round an isle, and break, in low, clear tones,
Upon a sandy beach with gentle slope,
That reaches inland through green, grassy plains,
Far inland to the mountain's very foot.
Thither we turn our course ; the tide sets in ;
A lovely bay, land-locked, receives our bark,
And anchors, cast close to the golden shore,
The vessel hold. A gay, bright, festive throng
Come dancing down to meet us as we land ;
Inland, the rarest music sounds afar,
In dulcet strains, enthralling all who hear.
A rich pavilion on the grassy sward
Is waiting us; a throng of youths and maids,
Singing, and moving in a mystic dance,
With crowns of lotus flowers upon their heads,
Encircle us, and smile, with lustrous eyes
And full red lips, upon us as we move.
We enter the rich tent, and lo! a queen
Of love and beauty, seated high enthroned,
Presents her jewelled hand for us to kiss,
And bids us welcome in a tone of voice
Far sweeter than the songs of nightingales
When heard by lovers in their first fond dream ;
And then a song, by unseen singers sung—
A song of welcome to that happy isle,
Rises around and fills the balmy air ;
Thus go the words, or so we dream they go :

We're far away from toil and care ;
They come not to this happy isle ;
Here bloom all flowers most sweet and fair,
Here loveliest maidens blush and smile ;

O! weary mortals, rest awhile
From labor in our fairy bowers;
List, list to us, and we'll beguile
All trouble from the gliding hours.

The sunset falls in golden joy,
Night is far happier than the day;
Ah! be not shy nor overcoy
If you would drive your cares away.
Come, pluck life's roses while you may;
Rest, mortals, in our fairy bowers;
O! we will make you, while you stay,
So happy, all the flying hours.

The music, in its rich, melodious flow,
Seems sweet enough to draw the soul away
From every care, and trance it in deep bliss,
Forgetful of the world and all its ways;
Forgetful of the cares and sighs and tears;
Forgetful of the labor, toil and pain;
But ah! forgetful of the duties, too,
And all the joys that spring from duties done.

Long we abode there, watchers of the spell;
Long time we wandered o'er that fairy isle,
Explored its groves, walked through its winding paths,
Plucked the bright flowers that grew on every side,
Whose sweetness had a strange, enthralling power
To make one thoughtless of the coming time.
At last I thought, but 'twas no thought of mine,
But given by One who guides my journey's course,
That the queen's voice, with all its music's flow,
With all its melody and depth of tone,
Had the seductive sweetness of the voice
That tempted Eve. The softness of the eye,

That languished like a star hid in thin clouds,
Seemed that it sought to woo me on and on,
To death, like eyes of serpents when they seek
To snare their victims in their deadly folds.
The maidens' lithe and soft, voluptuous forms,
That floated in the dances, round and round,
Rising and falling as the music moved,
Airy as gossamer lifted by the breeze—
O, what a flame they kindled in the breasts
Of all beholders. Like that Helen made,
That overthrew the lofty walls of Troy,
And roused the world to arms. O, what a fool,
That Faustus was, who fancied he could be
Rendered immortal by sweet Helen's kiss,
When death was ambushed on her rosy lips.

A LOST SOUL.—PLEASURE.

One day I wandered inland through the depths
Of stately forests, whose green, leafy trees
Close interlocked their branches overhead.
Far on I wandered, till I saw at last,
Passing beyond a lonely mountain vale,
Beyond the forest's verge, a blasted heath,
And blasted skeletons of leafless trees,
Standing, grim sentinels of death, removed,
At distance from each other far removed.
That blasted heath was the true home of death—
I saw no living creature but one man,
And he the wasted shadow of a man,
Paler than Death, who stood beside him there.
He sat upon a rough, volcanic rock,
Fit emblem of his own once fiery soul;

His sunken eyes were looking far away,
And asking of the dark sky overhead
If change could ever come to such as he.
Low muttered words broke from his pallid lips,
Such words as well might come from one I saw
In vision, who had sinned the deadly sin,
That cannot be forgiven anywhere.
Lifting his hands he smote upon his breast;
"I sinned," he said, "the sins of all the world,
And, dead and buried long before my time,
Passed clean away, far down to this deep hell.
O queen of love and beauty! this the end
Of your delights, that were so rare and sweet,
Fit for immortal gods I thought they were.
How many years, how many thousand years
Have passed along their everlasting course,
Since first I drowned myself in Beauty's eyes,
And wantoned on her breasts, warm hills of snow!
Christ never suffered such fierce agony
Upon the cross, as I upon this rock,
Whene'er I think of fair Miranda's eyes,
And the deliciousness of her ripe lips,
And the rich tresses of her golden hair.
The endless ages never can blot out
The memory of that time. 'Tis death alone,
If death can ever come to such as I,
Can dim the recollection of those hours.
O, even this eternal solitude,
This hell-born, blasted, burning seat of fire
Would be endurable could I *forget.*
The lonely desolation of this place;
The windless heath, that stretches far away;
The nameless horror (I can see it grin,

And gibe, and mutter with its cruel lips,
Companion of all hours, both day and night);
These are the offspring of those perished joys
I loved so well in time's long-vanished years.
O, it is terrible to glance aback
And see the dead joys buried in their graves,
From which no trump can ever call them up."
I drew anear in pity to that man,
And saw, in the deep caverns of his eyes,
A fixedness in evil, that the years
E'en of eternity could never change.
Slow sinking to the utmost depths of death,
He must go on to being's final end.
But, O, the pain of that slow-passing time!
The agony, that dries up all the fount
Of life, and leaves him without hope of change
Through endless ages, till that death shall come.

An angel then, or silver-footed truth,
Clothed in an angel's guise, appeared to me,
And showed me how this was the end of all
Of those gay creatures I had seen erewhile,
Feasting and dancing with the queen of love,
With lotus flowers wreathed about their heads,
And luscious lips still pouting to be kissed.
Death haunts the gay pavilion; serpents lurk
Within the cup, and twine amongst the flowers
That deck the brows of every dancer there.
In vain they sing their soft, seductive songs,
In vain they thread the mazes of the dance,
Light-footed as the zephyr's lightest breath;
Such joys are shadows, hollow mockeries,
Hiding in flowers the fiends that gather there.

Again we sail upon the silver sea,
And leave that fatal island far behind,
In the dim distance sunk to a mere speck,
Full soon to disappear behind the waves.
Swift flies our bark before propitious gales;
Another isle, towards which we rapid tend,
Lifts its green head above the rippling waves.
Fair cities, many peopled, deck its coasts,
And splendid mansions, planted in wide parks,
In regal grandeur front the face of day.
The streams that bear their waters to the sea,
Flow over sands of gold; the waves themselves,
Flow smooth and soft, as if they, too, had caught
The elegance that wealth and culture give.
The winds that sweep across that velvet isle,
Move, with a grander and more noble air,
Than o'er the rugged, sterile mountain-tops
Of common lands, where common people dwell.
The grand old trees, that throw their branches out
To catch the gentle breezes as they blow,
Bow to the breezes with majestic turns
And gestures of their leafy tops and limbs,
As well become the trees on Plutus' isle.
And all the men and women that we meet,
Seem, from their grace and manners, kingly born,
The proper heirs of splendor and of wealth.
Such is the seeming, such the outward show!
Truth waves her wand; the splendor disappears,
And squalid hovels, rude and uncouth huts,
In which most miserable wretches dwell,
Appear in place of noble palaces
That erewhile rose magnificently grand.
And clothed in rags the men and women are—

Rags stained with filth that water cannot clean,
And rags so thin, so rent and full of holes,
The wearers' nakedness is never hid,
Though thinking they are clothed in royal robes.
Their finest gold is dim and lustreless,
Their silver tarnished and their precious stones
As valueless as any common sand.
'Tis very pitiful, but it is true,
Too pitiful, and far too sadly true,
The hollow splendors of the life they live.
I saw one bending 'neath the weight of years,
Just ready to drop down and meet his death,
Blear-eyed and stupid, clothed in filthy rags,
Weak as a child, and far more obdurate—
I saw such man assume the peacock strut,
And put on many airs, as though he were
A mighty king, and one that could not die.
I saw a woman, one that they called fair,
Esteemed as beautiful in all that land,
And clad in richest garments as she thought—
I saw her touched by the white wand of truth,
Her bright bloom faded, and the hue of death
Spread o'er her face, and madness and despair
Looked through her eyes and screamed through her shrill voice,
And, now and then, I saw her place her hand
Upon her heart, with many a stifled groan;
And yet she smiled, and smiled, as though she walked
A queen of love and giver of delights.
O God, 'twas pitiful, but so it is!
Such are the people who inhabit there;
Such are the seekers of unreal wealth,
The worshipers of circumstance and place,

The pilers-up of false, fictitious gold,
Which the next wind sweeps as the dust away.

Thus as we sail from shining isle to isle,
And scan, with critical and curious eye,
The things and objects most desired of men,
Examine well that which is most esteemed,
We find a hollowness and blight in all;
We find that not a heart is satisfied;
The pleasures of the senses turn to pains;
The sweetness of the honey is but gall;
Gold, like corrosive poison, eats the soul,
And fame and glory are worse than idle words.
All objects and pursuits, all acts of men,
Are only shadows in a world of shades.
Blow, blow, propitious winds, and fill our sails,
And waft us to that happy isle where truth
And purity, immortal sisters, dwell;
Where smiling faces come from happy hearts,
And eyes that shine, shine with an honest light,
Steadfast and earnest, holy, true and pure;
And the right hand, with quick, impulsive grasp,
Moves to embrace the ever-welcome guest—
Blow, blow, propitious gales, and waft us there.
We touch not at the isle of evil fame,
Nor of the warrior's glory, stained with blood;
Nor others, seeming fair, and false as fair,
But come, ere long, to a most lovely isle,
So different from the others that it seems
We may have passed into another world.
The bracing air, that flows into the lungs,
Is joy inspiring, giving vigorous life,
As though it blew across the mountain-tops

And flowery plains of some rich, summer land.
It is a joy to live, to breathe, to move;
The blood goes singing as it flows along
In rapid movement through the arteries,
And the rejoicing globules give new health
And vigor to our late exhausted frames.
The trees, that bend their branches to the breeze,
Wave with a happy and rejoicing air.
And O, such blissful songs the birds do sing,
Hid in their leafy coverts in the woods!
They know no fowler's gun, with deadly aim,
Will ever harm them in these green retreats.
Here every substance is the thing it seems;
Here joy is real, never make-believe;
Here are the real riches, silver here
Is tarnished not, nor does the gold grow dim.
All things are as they seem; here is fulfilled
All that a bard or prophet ever hoped
Or fancied of a glorious, golden age;
Here is the home, the dwelling-place of Peace,
That, like a brooding spirit, lives and moves
In all, through all, bird, beast or god-like man.
The scenes on which the eyes delighted rest,
The landscapes, showing hills and flowery plains,
And lofty mountain-peaks in the far blue,
Are pure enough to be the homes of gods;
And beings purer than the gods of eld
Live, move, and work in this enchanted land.
No stately palaces are ever here
Reared by the hands of pale, mechanic hosts,
For masters, who esteem them but as dirt,
And whom they hate as only slaves can hate.
But all as one, as one great brotherhood,

In solid phalanx, when there's work to do,
Or when an enterprise of magnitude
Requires united effort, join their wills,
And join their means, and join their strong, right hands,
And so the work goes on, from first to last,
Till it is done, and all their hearts rejoice
With joy unspeakable and full of love.
No gaudy shows nor useless ornaments
E'er meet the eye, but all is pure and true,
And truly represents the soul within.
The spirit of religion is in all—
Of pure religion, which is simply love,
And manifests itself in kindly deeds—
Is over all, and fills the very air
The people breathe, with infinite delight.
The little children are so happy here,
That the beholder cannot help but weep
For joy, that childlife is so pure and sweet;
No peevish fretfulness disturbs their play,
No pains of indigestion, or aught else;
Their childish prattle is more musical
Than any note that e'er Apollo's harp
Emitted, touched by his most skillful hand,
And wiser than the speech of Grecian sage.
And O, the life, the noble, happy life,
That married partners have in this fair land!
They're one, not two, for each is soul to each,
And she is lost in him, and he in her.
Here woman's rights are known and recognized,
And she is truly worshiped and obeyed,
For she is love, and love inspires all thought,
And she inspires her mate, and is his life.

When first we landed on that happy isle,
We were received with welcome, such as we
Had thought impossible to find on earth.
'Twas from the heart, and shone thro' their bright eyes;
We felt it in the touch of their warm hands,
And in their voices tones, more musical
Than flute, or harp, or any songs of birds.
The tones were very tender, but it was
A grave and serious tenderness. They knew
So well the weakness of the human heart,
And sympathized so much with others' griefs,
That, happy as they knew themselves to be,
And blest beyond all telling, they could not
Be light and gay, and full of thoughtless mirth.
The noblest characters are always grave
And serious, if not sad—Christ never laughed;
And these are Christ-like, so they welcomed us
With grave and noble courtesy, as though
They gave a welcome to the sons of kings.
O, never had I seen such noble men
And queenly women, as I saw that day!
No lotus flowers were wreathed upon their brows,
But they wore crowns of fadeless amaranth
And asphodel, which hid the crowns of thorns;
For, being Christ-like, they had followed Him,
And suffered with Him, even to the cross,
And conquered with Him, so we found them here.
I wept; I cannot tell what made me weep;
It was not grief nor pain, I know not what;
It was no shadow from the outer world
That moved me thus to tears, but my eyes filled,
And my heart felt that surely it would break,
It fluttered so with such strange ecstacy.

That these were men and women I was sure,
But they were glorious to look upon,
Transfigured, and their faces shone; their eyes
Were luminous; the very robes they wore,
Though woven of common household stuff,
Were soft and flowing like the robes of kings.
They led us first within a holy place,
A temple, where they daily offer up
Their sacrifices, every morn and eve,
And where an organ's deep, melodious tone,
Sounds only as the praiseful spirit wills.
There, kneeling, with their faces to the East,
They chanted, singing with interior voice,
The very spirit of the hundredth psalm.
We prostrate fell, our faces to the ground,
O'ercome with awe, and we became as dead.
How long we lay in trance I never knew;
But presently one took me by the hand,
And raised me up and set me on my feet;
His very touch sent thrilling through the frame
Sensations such as we had never known;
A sense of exaltation and of power,
Of glory, beauty, majesty and strength,
Of joy and love—the sense of perfect life.
It was as though our feet then stood upon
The floor of Heaven, and these we saw around,
These men and women, with their serious eyes,
Were heavenly ones, and not of this poor earth.
I felt as though, while in that trance I lay,
My frame within had undergone a change,
And I was now *en rapport* with the soul
Of all things good, and that my life, henceforth,
Must be forever on a higher plane,

Or I must die. Indeed, the change I felt
Was just the same that we suppose one feels
When he first lays aside this earthly frame,
And passes to the inner world. The breath
Flowed down into the free, expanding lungs,
With musical sensations rhythmical,
As though there were a harp within the breast,
Whose strings were played upon by angel hands.
Such change is common to the dwellers here;
By this interior breathing they are made
Able to gather wisdom from all minds,
And to perceive the fallacies of those
Who *will* persist in calling falsehood truth;
And able to stand firm, and keep themselves
Impregnable to all assaults of foes.
By this interior breathing they are brought
In sympathy with all that's pure and good,
And kept from evil, so that they receive
No injury from anything, while they
So will, and while they're faithful found. They grow
Perfect and strong through suffering, for the breath,
At first, is like a sword, or flame of fire,
That cuts as though it might destroy the life.
Such sharp pain I had felt, but it had passed
To come again in process of my change,
For not by one sharp thrill of agony
Are we made perfect, but by many thrills.
But, for the time, I felt that I could bear
And do so much, I seemed so new and strong;
And all the blood-drops, as they flowed along,
Were singing in my veins such happy songs;
Songs of redemption and of glorious life,
Of intromission into wondrous realms

Of light and knowledge, sinless and serene.
Such were the songs I heard within my frame;
And fairy creatures, winged and beautiful,
Awoke to life and sang within my breast;
And all their songs were pure, sweet nuptial songs,
And of the joys of marriage, as they're known
By the inhabitants of sinless worlds;
And of the joys of marriage, as they're known,
By this pure people on this happy isle.
The songs they sang were all of one sweet strain,
But O, so beautiful, 'twas always new,
And infinite in beauty, though the same.
They chanted of the genesis of worlds,
Of the creation of the angel hosts,
Of the beginning and the source of things;
They sang of stars and their inhabitants,
Of earths and suns in the deep, luminous skies;
Of butterflies, and birds, and harmless things;
Of all things beautiful in every world,
And all were linked in one sweet nuptial song,
For love is life, and love inspired their song.

An ancient sage then took me to his home.
His hair and beard were white as driven snow,
And he seemed old as any patriarch—
So old the years no longer fell on him
With any aging power, and he seemed young
And strong, as one that never could grow old;
Love kept him young, for love is always young.
And the great promise was fulfilled in him
That he should never die, for he had passed
Through faithfulness from death to life. And so
I saw, as one, eternal youth and age

Commingled in a form so fair and good,
That death could never touch it any more.
He took me to his home, and there I saw
His other half, his wife, companion, friend;
She, too, like him, had passed from death to life;
Indeed, it is not possible for one
To go alone. The two must, hand in hand,
Walk through the fiery trials of the world:
Must bear the burdens, wear the crown of thorns,
Rejoice and weep together. Not alone,
Can man or woman ever fully know
How perfect life may be, or may become.
But this great truth I did not know at once,
Nor many others, far too wonderful
To be acknowledged by the common thought.
Slow dawned upon my mind the perfect day;
Slowly the mists of error broke and fled
Before the shining of the full-orbed sun;
And it was long before I felt and saw,
And fully understood the perfect truth
Hid in the songs the fairy creatures sang,
That woke to life and sang within my breast.
But these two taught me, helped to comprehend
The mysteries that dawned upon my sense;
They were themselves most wonderful of all
The mysteries by which I was enzoned;
For I soon saw that when a thought awoke
Within the mind of one, the other felt
The answering thought by some electric thrill.
So perfectly they blended into one,
And had no thought, wish, impulse or desire,
By which emotions ever could be stirred
In either mind, of discord or of doubt.

One pleasant evening, when the wind was still,
(Ah me! all days and nights are pleasant here,
And evenings, mornings, are reflected gleams—
But words are wanting, I can say no more);
With only now and then a gentle breeze
Right from the west, across the garden plat,
Gathering the fragrances of many flowers;
While the full moon, from skies without a cloud,
Threw o'er the scene a flood of silver light,
He told to me the story of his life,
With all its sad mistakes, its errors, sins,
Temptations, its defeats and victories,
Its painful progress to its last bright state.
If I am able I will reproduce
The story as he told it. As I may
I will retell it; but I cannot bring
Before your vision his majestic face,
The radiant brightness of his eyes, and her,
The noble matron, sitting queenly by.
Nor can you feel the magic of his voice,
As I did, when it trembled, broke and failed,
As utterly it did, sometimes, when he
Spake of the goodness of the guiding hand,
How it had led, upheld and kept him safe
Until to-day.

"Ere I begin," he said,
"Permit me to express my thankfulness,
My heartfelt gratitude to God, for all
His mercies and His blessings, that have come
In showers and singly to me every day;
And for the happiness I now enjoy;
The blessedness of this new life; for all
Its inexpressible beatitudes;

To Him be all the praise, for they are His—
He called me, He redeemed me, sanctified
And set me here that I might work for Him,
And His the strength, the wisdom, that sustains
And keeps me from temptation, that I may
Stand firm and fail not ever to the end.
Without him 'twere impossible to stand,
Or to successfully resist assaults
Of enemies, who often make attacks
From unexpected quarters and by means
That we would never think a foe would use.
This is our greatest joy, One waits on us,
Stronger than all our foes, who sees for us,
And knows our needs and what is best for us.
He sympathizes with each extreme want,
And often gives us so much of Himself,
We faint away, weak from excess of joy.

Far back as I remember, when a boy,
I had a dim perception of a life
Other and better, nobler, purer far,
Than that I saw around me, though I knew
Not what it was, nor how to make it mine.
'Twas like the recollection of a dream
Dimly perceived, we had in some past state
Of pre-existence in a fairy realm
Of fays and faysouls, ere that they assume
The forms of little children in this world.
And I was often strangely tantalized,
Strangely I thought, with many lovely dreams,
And broken strains of music and sweet songs,
That floated all about me in the air,
Coming and going at their own sweet will.

'Twas very strange to be thus visited,
Since I was born and reared right in the midst
Of that false isle of pleasure you have seen.
But miracles can never cease, and love
Flashes, ofttimes, from out the highest heaven,
Even to that world the most its opposite.
Some hearts are teachable, too, everywhere;
And even the queens of pleasure hear the voice
Of truth, the same clear voice Elijah heard.
I evermore walked in a waking dream,
Catching bright glimpses of a happy world
To-day, to-morrow in the utter dark.
This lasted till I grew to man's estate,
And then I passed into the practical
And commonplace, the world where most men live.
I drank, made love, knew all the joys of sense;
Engaged in business enterprises with success,
Made money and grew rich, bought houses, lands,
And flourished like a green bay tree. The great
Of other countries then made court to me,
And I became a citizen of note
Upon that isle of wealth you visited.
The dreams and visions of my early youth
Were ridiculed as sick men's fancies, and
Esteemed of little worth by men of mark;
Philosophers and Scientists a better way
Had taught the world, and there was nothing now
Considered worthy of a true man's thought
Save only that that could be seen and felt.
There was no other world than this, in which
We lived, was worth a single moment's thought;
All poetry was laughed at; only such
As sang the praises of philosophy,

And taught the value of material things,
Was ever to be endured by men of sense ;
All else was bosh. And old Religion, too,
Was set at naught or inly ridiculed,
While costly structures, called by holy names,
Were opened each returning Sabbath day,
Where men and women, dressed in finest clothes,
And seated in luxurious, cushioned pews,
Listened most decorously to the words
Of some smooth speaker, who, in well-set phrase,
Gave gentle opiates to their consciences,
And so attuned their cultivated minds
To hear, with greater pleasure, the rich notes
Poured from the lofty organ. Present things,
And things of sense, gold and material wealth,
These were the objects worshiped ; also art
That tended to make perfect sensual things.
Morality and things of good report,
Virtue and truth, and neighborly good-will,
Were little worth or thought of, in themselves :
But decorous observance of the rules
Of good society, or that so called ;
A stately courtesy, that bowed and smiled,
And gave sweet phrases, pleasant sounding words,
And gestures most exceedingly polite,
Were highly prized, and men who practiced these
Most perfectly were far the most esteemed ;
And such, though wanting every inward grace,
And every manly virtue, were too oft
"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."
'Twas here I lived for many, many years,
Nor worse nor better much than other men,
Nor wiser, nor more foolish, but at best

A fit inhabitant of such a state.
'Twas here I married, if it can be said
With truth that such connections should be called
Marriages in any noble sense ;
At any rate 'twas here I vowed to love,
To honor, cherish and protect as wife,
One chosen to be mistress of my home.
She, whom I chose, was very beautiful,
And much more worthy of my truest love
Than I of hers. She seemed to be, at times,
Lifted above the world in which we lived,
And to hate utterly its hollow shams,
But, bound by chains of custom, which no soul
Is strong enough alone to rend in twain,
She bowed her nobler nature to the yoke
Imposed by ancient custom to be worn
By all the denizens of that proud state.
After the birth of our first, lovely child,
The strong maternal instinct woke in her
The thought that her child, innocent and pure,
Should so remain, if it were possible
To keep the baby-soul as pure as now.
'Twas like an inspiration the thought came ;
It wrought with such a mighty power in her,
That, by degrees, it changed her views of life,
And brought full knowledge of the hollowness
Of many things so highly prized before.
Wealth, power and all the glory of the world ;
And pomp and circumstance, the pride of place ;
The admiration of the nobly born,
Sank into insignificance, and lost
Their splendor and attraction for her heart,
Whenever, looking into her child's eyes,

She saw the angelhood in their pure depths.
And so the child brought to the mother's heart
A dream of heaven. Why should it be a dream,
Only to pass, an insubstantial thing?
We are not mocked; all pure and holy thoughts,
That seem like dreams and idle fantasies
To men immersed in sensual things and hopes,
May find their ultimate expression here
In glorifying, making earth divine.
So felt the mother of our lovely child,
And she could worship wealth and place no more.
But O! the agony of this new birth!
Where could she go, and whither could she turn?
She saw no guiding light but her child's eyes;
These, looking at her, shone as if they'd speak
And tell of mysteries deep and beautiful,
But could not, for they had no voice
To give expression to the shining thought,
Save in the light that ceaseless shone from them.
Mutely they spake, but mothers read the thoughts
Unspoken, shining in a pure child's eyes.
So sitting one day by the cradle-bed,
Watching the baby smiling in its sleep,
Herself half weeping that she was so weak
And ignorant of what was best to do,
She saw a light flash o'er the infant's face;
Then, suddenly, the blue eyes opened wide
And saw the trouble in the mother's heart.
The baby smiled, but spake not, lifted up
And threw its little arms about her neck
And drew her down and kissed her. O, the joy
That filled the mother's heart at that sweet act!
Tears rained upon the baby's face; it smiled,

As though it understood the mother's thought,
And sympathized and would essay to help.
I saw the act, I saw that blessèd child
Draw down the mother's face and kiss her so.
You may be sure that I was deeply moved;
It woke in me a long-stilled train of thoughts,
That I had thought so dead that nevermore
They could move me, or be aroused to life.
What could I do? The world would deem me mad,
More foolish than a senseless Bedlamite,
To yield obedience to a baby's dreams;
But, looking in that baby's serious eyes,
That saw, behind the vail, what we did not—
Faces and forms, and fair angelic shapes,
Moving about us, moving round and round,
And seeking always to drive far away
Dark shapes that sought to harm us—we were moved
As if the subjects of a mighty spell.
By slow degrees, and after many days,
Sweet hope revived, and faith that there could be
A something better, though we knew not what—
A blessing greater, of a nobler sort
Than any all our pomp of wealth could give.
I felt the hollowness of all our life;
The utter smallness of the so-called great;
The littleness of those who worship place,
And such poor splendor as is given by gold.
But it was hard to bear the mocking smiles
And sidelong glances of our many friends—
The ill-concealed contempt of all we knew.
But harder and more difficult than this
Still other trials that awaited us;
And these arose from our own weaknesses—

The natural weaknesses that all men have.
Strength comes by trial, and all healthy growth
Is fostered by a combat with fierce foes;
'Tis thus ordained and wisely; no good thing
Is ever won, no great deed e'er achieved,
Without an arduous struggle, that yields not
To any thing, save to all-conquering death.
Our lovely child, an angel from the skies,
Grew lovelier for awhile, then passed away,
And left us dark, so dark, they only know
Who've suffered thus. We, who had just begun
The upward way, led by this angel child,
Felt, for a time, that neither heaven nor earth
Had help or solace for such woe as ours.
But God is good, so good, we never know
Until we learn to bear pain, loss, what not,
And look to Him, and trust to Him through all.
It passed; we buried that sweet child from sight;
We buried, too, our grief with Christ in God;
We hid ourselves there, and the storm of grief
Passed over us, and His caressing hand
Touched us so tenderly we felt His love
And sympathy more nearly than before.

But there were trials greater e'en than this,
That, had we not been aided, would have wrecked
Our happiness forever; as it was,
The agony that we so long endured,
Was bitterest the heart can ever know;
It is the worst that ever comes to man
Or woman either, for it strikes the heart,
And touches, with its deadly power, the source
And inmost fountain of all human joy.

It is the subtlest foe, because it comes
And steals upon us sly and unawares ;
So sly, it strikes us with its venomed dart,
And wounds us fatally before we know.
I was so struck, and she was struck through me.
This is the darkest portion of my life
And saddest, that I now relate. 'Tis well
That I relate it, that you may be warned,
And that you see how perilously near
To ruin one may stand and know it not.
We had one friend, a woman, good and true,
And well for us she was ; had she not been
Most noble, I had quickly passed away
As many others, ruined and undone.
I never knew, and cannot tell, e'en now,
When it began, or how the feeling grew ;
I only know that, like a stroke of doom,
It sounded in my brain with dreadful noise,
Loud as the roaring of a cataract,
That I had fallen, fallen clean away
From heaven to hell, from light to utter dark,
For that I loved, as no man ever should,
With passionate devotion, madness say,
Another than my wife. God held me here,
So that I never to that other said
One word improper for the chastest ears.
God only knows the agony I felt !
I dared not breathe to any mortal ear
My love or madness, call it what you will;
E'en to myself I could not say, " I love,"
For very shame—the *thought* would make me blush.
And when I saw her, modest, fair, and sweet,
Pure as a lily, move from place to place,

With happy smiles upon her lips, and eyes
That shone with heaven's own light, my heart would
beat
With such wild tumult, that I felt sometimes
As though 'twould break and I would cease to live.
I prayed to die; prayed for the still repose
Death and the grave give, but I prayed in vain.
I lived, and the long agony at last
Passed off, but left me very weak; meantime,
Although I never breathed in any ear
The madness that possessed me, yet she felt—
My life's companion and my bosom friend—
By a fine sympathy, that there had come
To me a danger great and terrible,
That would destroy me did I not prevail
Against it, and her heart became as sad
As mine was, and her step grew weak
And languid, and her flesh did waste away.
One day when I, with slow, unhappy steps,
Went, wandering idly, all about the house,
I heard her singing such a sad, sweet song,
That I drew near to listen. She was skilled
In music, and her fingers lightly touched
Her harp strings, to accompany her voice
With its sweet sounds. She sang as though she were
A nightingale, deserted by its mate,
Singing a sad song in a leafy bower.
How my heart smote me when I heard her sing,
To a strange air, I had not known before,
The words that follow:

REQUIEM OF PAST JOYS.

'Sweet hours that come no more
From the far-off, dim past!
I stand upon a moaning shore,
Wreck-strewn and overcast.

A dark and sullen sea
Rolls, beats against the beach;
The waves, that dash their spray towards me,
A sad, stern lesson teach.

'We swallow all,' they say,
'Of human hopes and fears;
Like bubbles on our bosoms play
Their smiles, their joys, their tears.'

Sweet hours, that come not back,
Do you not wait for me
On some bright shore, where moans of wrack
Rise from no sullen sea?'

The music ceased, but still the fingers touched
And lightly hung upon the harp's sweet strings,
Waking a wailing sound, sad as her song.
Her eyes were looking far away, as though
In the blue sky, beyond the silver clouds,
They sought the happy shore that held her joys.
One moment she was still, and then her frame
Shook with sharp agony; she bowed her head
And burst into a sobbing shower of tears.
Great God! how terribly I suffered then!
Did she suspect my sin? I did not know;
Not till long after could I bear to tell
All my heart's weakness and my own deep shame.
It passed; the trial and the pain all passed,
And happiness of a far purer kind,

A deeper sense of the unbounded worth
Of righteousness, and of the love that man
Should bear to woman, grew up in my mind,
And showed, in all its blackness, that false love
That justifies adultery by the plea
That there exists, deep in the two twin souls,
A fine affinity that makes them one;
And that, therefore, 'tis right to disregard
All other ties or feelings, that oppose
The perfect union of the mated souls.
I learned to loathe, as the outgrowth of hell,
As inspiration from the lower world,
The thought that one's affinity is found
Elsewhere than in the spirit of the mate
Chosen and sanctified by marriage ties.
So she became my own soul's better part,
Dearer by far than I had ever thought
Woman could be to man. Her image grew
And formed itself within my inmost heart,
Warming and giving life, and she became
My life's own very life, and the sweet soul
Of all things good and beautiful in me;
She was my all in all, as I was hers,
With God our life, who was our all in all.
And so we grew together, two in one,
Never to sever while the ages last.
And thus we learned we need not pass away
From this world to another to know God;
He has become our life, our inmost thought,
Flows in the chiming globules of the blood,
Thrills through the nerves, and fills the happy brain
With beautiful and pure immortal thoughts
Of a new Golden Age, how soon to come

To all we know not, but that even now
'Tis possible for every heart that wills.
I loved her, she was pure; we realized
The happiness that springs from duty done,
The peace that may be gained through suffering
When we endure it for another's sake.
And after many days we learned to know
The cause of all the evil in the world,
And how it may be, can be, overcome
And utterly expelled from everything
And leave no trace behind. We learned to know
Ourselves as arbiters of our own fates,
And that the human will is mightier far
Than we had ever thought; that we can build
Around us and about us, for all time,
Palatial structures, grand and beautiful,
In which bright, happy creatures from the heavens,
And God himself will not disdain to dwell;
That we can build the opposite—a hell,
Darker by far than poet ever dreamed,
More terrible than language can express;
In which we have, and can have, for our friends,
Only such forms and creatures as are like
The evil passions that infest our minds.
'Tis thought creates; thought is an active power,
That is not limited by space or time,
But that creates them, makes them what they are;
It is the true substantial thing; all else
Are fleeting shadows that take various forms
As thought directs. 'Tis thus that God creates;
His Word, which is the effluence of His thought,
Pours, in a mighty stream, the worlds in space
From his own substance; they are only forms

His thought assumes that bade and bids them be.
Creation is not finished ; 'tis a work
Can never end till God himself shall end ;
For the same Word, that formed it at the first,
Is necessary to sustain its form.
Therefore the miracles that Jesus did,
Transcend and violate no natural law ;
And when He came into a close-shut room,
Appearing in the form of flesh and bones,
The same material body he had worn,
No law was broken, none was set aside ;
For matter is the ultimate of thought,
And is created by it ; thought alone
Has power and life, all else are only forms.
Therefore when Jesus said, if one has faith
He might remove a mountain at a word,
His speech was not the utterance of a man,
Puffed up by wild enthusiastic dreams,
Speaking he knew not what ; it was the voice
Of that eternal wisdom that perceives
The power of thought, and that 'tis that alone
Evolves material substance from itself.
So we perceive what faith is ; it is not
An intellectual assent to a truth,
But the atonement between God and man ;
'Tis union with Him, and the rising to
The plane of being in which He exists ;
What we call natural law, is but the way
And method in which He delights to act ;
And His breath, when it flows down into us,
Uplifts and raises us to His embrace,
And we are slaves of natural things no more,
But can command them, even as Jesus did.

'Tis thus that we are able to perceive
What evolution is, and how it works ;
'Tis evolution of the Thought of God ;
He thinks, and luminous suns outroll in space ;
He thinks, the planets in their orbs revolve,
Masses of matter without form of life ;
He thinks again, and the first germs of life
Move in the mass, and mould it as he wills ;
He thinks, His thought evolves the life, let it
Appear through protoplasm or what else ;
What matter how, 'tis all the thought of God.
So Jesus took a little loaf of bread
And broke it into pieces, and it grew
Enough to feed the multitude—enough
To feed the world, had all the world been there.

So evolution, lapse of time and space,
Order and form, beauty, and truth, and good,
And suns and planets, things that live and move,
All changing forms, that come and pass away,
On Nature's bosom dancing for awhile,
All come from God, and are sustained by Him.
When He withdraws His life-sustaining force,
The form dissolves and vanishes away,
And it is known no more. So were He now
To flow no more into our central sun,
'Twould vanish from its place and leave no sign.
'Twas thus that Jesus took himself away—
His body was not, when he willed it so.
For matter has no being of its own,
No law or motion, nor can it evolve
Life, thought, sensation, or intelligence,
If these exist not in the First of things ;

It is life only that produces life;
Intelligence, intelligence; thought, thought.

And we are underworkers under God;
And were we perfectly at one with Him,
The works that He does we could also do;
Disease would disappear, decay and death
Would find no place or office any more.
'Tis not that we are limited by flesh,
Or cased in mortal vestitures of clay,
That makes us weak and feeble, blind and dull.
The soul grows dark, its bright, ethereal fire
Wanes to a dull and dismal flame, because
It wilfully shuts out the life from God;
That only, which is pure and good, can shine
Unchangeably as shines a sun or star.
The strength decays not, nor can any blight
Touch the immortal spirit of the man,
Whether encased in this corporeal frame,
Or in the heaven of heavens, that holds itself
Open to influx from the sun of life.
As we are underworkers, under Him,
Therefore there is no reason why this world
Should be the theatre of pain and death,
Save only this, that we have willed it so—
Not God, good only is evolved from Him.
Therefore when man chose of his own free act
To follow his own will apart from God's,
He passed into the realm of clouds and death,
And brought upon himself all pains and woes,
That chase him without mercy through the world,
And cannot leave him till he turns to God,
Or sinks into the cold domain of death.

Since man is underworker, under God,
So all things under him have qualities
That correspond with his essential thought,
Evil if evil, good if he be good.
And so this world would be a Paradise
Perfect in all respects, the counterpart
And reflex image of that inner world,
Where the Creator dwells, if only man
Would seek to do, not his own will, but God's.
How wonderful is this philosophy!
How far superior to that school of thought
That makes a senseless and unthinking force
Evolve, in some inexplicable way,
All forms of being, whether good or ill,
From soulless matter, without form and void,
And finds the first beginning of all life
In protoplasm or a mass of mud.

You've seen our vineyards and our fertile fields;
You've seen our cattle on the upland slopes,
And the green meadows hid amongst the hills;
You've seen our shepherds leading forth their flocks,
Beside still waters in the pastures green;
You've worshiped with us on the Sabbath day;
You've visited the workshops and the schools;
You've seen us as we are in our own homes,
As children, parents, fathers, mothers, wives,
In all the sweet relationships of life;
And you have seen no sickness, pain or death,
No poverty, no wrong from man to man,
No scorn of low, no fawning on the high;
You've listened to the songsters of the grove—
And O, how happy, warbling sweet and clear,

Their songs float out upon the dewy morn ;
You've seen no blight or mildew on the crops ;
No faces woe-begone and full of care ;
No brawlers on the streets, no drunken men,
Unfit to be at large. and dragged away
To be locked up in dismal dungeon cells ;
No sound of oath, or ribald jest or song
Or obscene speech has ever struck your ear
In all this region since you landed here.
No pale, unhappy victims of sad war,
No smoking villages or towns in flames,
Or mothers mourning for their children slain,
Or broken-hearted widows have you seen.
The golden age, of which the poets dreamed,
And sang so sweetly in the ancient days,
Has dawned upon the happy dwellers here.
We sleep at night ; no broken, restless dreams
Disturb us with their frightful images ;
But visions, from the upper, heavenly world,
Bring many beautiful and holy thoughts,
That live and sing within us all day long,
And help us work, so that from day to day,
More Eden-like grows all our lovely land.
You've seen the little children at their play,
How gay and innocent and full of life,
But with a thoughtful wisdom in their eyes,
That makes their child-life very beautiful.
There is not, in a thousand children here,
One solitary pale-faced, sickly child ;
Not one that has a peevish, fretful voice ;
Not one that's destined to an early grave,
Inheriting, from sickly ancestors,
Diseased conditions soon to end in death.

All beautiful, all graceful, sound and strong
And innocently wise they come to us,
Like gifts from heaven ; as such they're always prized.
You've seen our youths and maidens plight their troth
In holy love before the man of God ;
Celestial glory shone from their bright eyes,
Such as your people never yet have dreamed
It possible for human lives to know ;
Such purity of heart, such ardent love
Beamed from their faces, thrilled in every word,
That your eyes filled and overflowed with tears
Of happiness that you could not express.
You've seen our married partners—seen them live
In such sweet sympathy the thoughts of one
Are common to them both, for they are one.
But all the blessedness that we enjoy
You've not yet seen, for 'tis impossible
For words to tell the fulness of the joy
They know with whom Christ dwells ; and they cannot
Who know Him not, so much as think or dream,
Or form with the darkness of their minds,
The faintest image of our heavenly state.
You know in part, and therefore you are here ;
You've passed the first obstructions, and in time,
Your vision being clearer, you may see
More perfectly, the splendor of our state ;
The shadow and the substance will no more
Appear as one, and you can go with us
In all the loftier altitudes of thought,
And into mercies more abounding still,
For progress is not limited, save by
Man's incapacity ; the way is clear,
The prospect opens boundless to the view,

Lovely as love itself, and heavenly pure.
And what we are—our glorious, happy state—
Is not a special favor shown to us;
God's providence is never partial; He is good
And overflows in blessing; His bright sun,
His rains and dews, His seasons, as they change,
Bear in their bosoms only good to all.
And if men thank Him not, and turn from Him,
It grieves Him, but His blessings flow down still.
And evermore He speaks to man and says:
'Give me thy heart, and I will lead thee up
To states of excellence that know no change,
Save from a happy to a happier still.'
He is not partial, and the life that we
Have entered into is the life that all,
And every human creature He has made,
Should know to-day, and might know if they would.
We are the first-fruits of the glad new Age,
A Brotherhood that soon shall fill the world,
For Christ delays not His bright coming now.
He comes in clouds, in clouds no longer dark,
But bright with morning, and the sad, dark night
Shall flee before His coming. Sin and death,
And hell, from all its awful, gloomy depths,
Shall give up all the dead that are in them
And then be cast into the lake of fire,
Which is the second death; and so they'll end."

He said no more, and for a little space
A silence fell, if that indeed it be
Proper to call that silence, when we seemed
To hear sweet voices, inarticulate,

But full of happy meanings, floating round.
My heart was full of many mingled thoughts;
Some very sad that earth was yet so far,
So far away from knowledge of this world
Which here was waiting to reveal itself
And pour its light and splendor upon all;
Some very happy that the flaming sword
Held by the guardian angel at the gate,
Was turned aside to let all good men in;
And that so many, although very few,
Had turned their willing footsteps thitherward.
The soft and balmy air of that sweet eve
Came with a benediction o'er a world
Where sickness, pain and death are never known.
The peace that passeth understanding, passed
Into my spirit and I was at rest.
I felt that I could stay forever there,
But duty called me and I must return
To my own region dim and misty. He,
In whom I trust, did lead me to that place,
And in due season, when He sees 'tis best,
Will lead me once again. His will be done.

A LOST SOUL.

AMBITION.

It was not in the mystic land of dreams,
Nor in the world of shadows, where the dead
First congregate in numbers infinite,
But in the world beyond, was told to me
The sad and solemn story that I wish
Now to relate. I journeyed to that world
Beyond the world of shadows, carried there
At deep midnight, when every wind was still,
And not a star shone in the clouded sky.
I journeyed to that world, but not alone—
One led me, One of matchless power and love,
Invisible to him I went to see,
But standing by his side the while he spake.
'Tis sad enough to make the angels weep,
But that lone spirit as he told it me
Wept not, nor did he even groan or sigh,
But with a face as set and still as stone,
And colorless as death's, for he *was* dead,
He told the story of his mortal life.
Only his eyes were luminous like fire,
And shone, but not with joy. A subtle stream
Of agony that pierced my very heart

And made me shake, as though a cold north wind
Blew over me, passed from his lurid eyes
Into my heart and chilled my blood like ice.
His voice was but a whisper, but it fell
Upon my ear sad as the voice of doom
That sinks the sinner to eternal pain.
I do not know that I can reproduce
The story as he told it. I know 'tis vain
To try to picture to the reader's mind
The gloom that overhung the sullen sky,
The air of desolation and of death
That brooded, like a mighty incubus,
On me, on him, on everything around,
And moaned and sighed through the still midnight air.
I cannot paint the gloomy, murky clouds,
That overhung the west, whence, now and then,
A flash of lightning, not like that of earth,
But such as may be only seen in hell,
Blazed out and shed a blue and ghastly light
Upon the landscape, blasted, lava-strewn.
And then the awful face of him who sat
Stone-like upon that burning lava-stone,
I cannot reproduce. It is enough
To tell the story in such words as I
Can find to give the essence of his thought,
Without the picture of the gloomy scene.
'Twould be too horrible; the reader's heart
Would break within him, and his life would fail,
Could I unvail before him, as I saw,
The dread surroundings of that poor Lost Soul.

"I was," he said, "a curly-headed boy,
As bright as any child of joy and love,

A young Apollo just alight on earth,
With all the glory of the upper skies
About his head and in his lustrous eyes.
More fearless than a lion of the wilds,
And strong as Hercules, who, laughing, slew
The serpent sent to kill him while he slept,
A little child, yet in his cradle bed.
All nature smiled upon me and I shed
Reflected light upon the world around.
Of genius lofty, beauty like a god's,
All hearts bowed down before me in true love,
And as I grew I gathered the rich fruits
Of knowledge from all sources—none escaped.
Nature was like an open book, in which
I read the secrets of all sciences;
And in the light from all the stars of heaven
I read the composition of the worlds
That roll in the far utmost depths of space,
And thence inferred the lives and ways of those
Who dwelt upon them. I could reconstruct
This world as it was many thousand years
Before the flood, or ever man was made.
The lightning was a wild horse which I tamed
And made subservient to my purposes.
Old ocean's secrets were laid bare to me,
And the deep fiery centre of the earth,
With all its restless, burning elements,
Seemed my own work, I knew its ways so well.
And all the secrets of the human heart,
Its weaknesses, its little hopes and fears,
I read and played upon as if I'd made
The instrument and tuned it to my will.
And so I grew, a mighty man of men,

And took my place amongst the kings of men
Of right divine, by force of my own might.

But I must go back to the youthful days
Of innocence, when life was in its spring,
Ere yet the first bright freshness of the rose
Had faded to a dull and sickly hue,
Or the white lily had the first dark stain.
Ah me! what days they were! the songs of birds
Were sweet as any music of the spheres,
For all the hopes that filled and thrilled my heart
Were yet as innocent as childhood's dreams.
The days flew by on wings of light; the hours
Were rosy-footed, and all sights and sounds
Seemed drawn from out a deep well in the heart
Of happiness that never could run dry.
'Twas bliss to live; to look upon the world;
To hear the crickets chirping in the grass;
To watch the gaily-painted butterflies
Flit here and there, as silent as a soul;
To hear the soft, sweet cooing of the dove
Wooing its tender mate; to watch the bees
Robbing the flowers of their delicious sweets,
And see the flowers grow still more beautiful
For being robbed, as lovely little girls
Grow lovelier when their innocent lips are kissed.
O, life how lovely, when it keeps in tune,
In unison with the great heart of God,
The fountain of all life! 'Tis bliss to move;
To bathe in the sweet air; to watch the clouds
Float far away across the deep blue sky,
Some golden in the light, some bright, some dark,
But all so beautiful we would not start

To see celestial visitants descend
From the blue depths that hold such lovely things.

I who sit here upon this burning rock,
Frozen with anguish that shall never end,
Find evermore the fiercest pangs of woe
In recollections of such halcyon days.

I know not how change came, but come it did.
By slow degrees there grew about the heart
A something that we cannot give a name,
But it was fatal to the springs of joy
That first flowed sparkling from the boy's glad heart.
As days passed on, fair nature's sights and sounds
No echo found in me; I seemed as one
Most wholly changed, or else as one possessed
By some malignant spirit, and I ceased
To love the sound of music, or the songs
Of birds, or any quiet, pastoral sounds
So pleasant to the pure in heart. I grew
In beauty still—the beauty of the star
Of Lucifer that wandered from its sphere.
Men could not see the change, for I had learned
To vail my thoughts and to put on the smile
That Satan wore when first he tempted Eve.
Centered in self I stood, and I became
A god in my own thought, for there could be
No greater being evermore evolved,
By any working of eternal law,
Than man, and I of men was greatest man.
I worshiped self, for I had trained my thought
To make all things subservient to myself,
As the right centre of the universe.

God ceased to be, and there was only law,
Or what philosophers do name as law,
Working in matter—mighty, moving Force—
Careless of good or ill, of hate or love.
Why should *I* love, when nature loved not me,
But threw me out from primal nothingness
To play awhile upon earth's shadowy stage,
Then sink into nonentity again?
Such thoughts possessed me with resistless force,
And swept from out the chambers of my heart
All thought of others, save as I could use
Their littleness, their selfish greed of gain,
To build me up and make a name for ME.
I would be great, and have the trump of fame
To sound my name from east to farthest west:
My deeds should be emblazoned on the scroll
Of history, and nations yet unborn
Should feel the influence of *my* mighty acts.
I did not fail; my name is greater far
Than even *I* did dare to hope or dream—
But God Almighty! what a price I paid!
Men in the sunshine of your upper world
Will not perceive the horror that awaits
With stealthy steps on the career of one,
Who, from the bosom of humanity
Withdraws himself, and lives for self alone.
E'en in the height of grandeur and success,
When sycophants do cringe, and crouch, and bow,
'And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning,' even then,
When his surroundings wear the brightest smile,
A nameless horror, awful, without form,

Not seen by any, save by him alone,
Is by his side, companion of all hours.

I would be great, and so my nights and days
Were passed in eager watching of events.
I hailed with joy each change that threatened storm
Or danger to old order. Meantime I read
All books that held the wisdom of the past
In smallest compass, and I stored my mind,
Never with useless lumber, but with facts,
Concerning men and things that could be used
As helps to help the user to success.
Music and Poetry were lightly held,
And nothing thought of, save as they might be
Of use to blind the ignorant multitudes
And daze their minds with wonder. So I grew
To be esteemed a genius. Few are great—
So few, that when a great man does arise
He must be very great, or he will think
His fellowmen but pismires crawling round—
And such they seemed to me. But it was long,
So long my heart grew weary waiting—long
Before the days came that I could appear
The hero wanted by the suffering state.
My father was a soldier, and his days
Were passed in dangers incident to war;
His wife, a woman of heroic mould,
Heard the fierce roar of many battle-fields,
And I was born in camp. A soldier's tent,
Not far away from where a bloody field
Of battle and of carnage, strewn with dead,
Lay desolate beneath the cold, full moon,
Was the first shelter for my infant form;

And the first words of greeting that I heard
Were such as soldiers use. The mother's thoughts
And ways of life moulded the unborn child
And made him warlike from the very womb.
I courted danger for its own dread sake,
And e'en in boyhood loved the sharp-edged steel,
And mighty guns that roared with death's own voice.
I loved the dark and gloomy thunder-cloud,
The roar of ocean, and the beetling cliff,
And stormy waves, that beat with mighty force
Upon the shore, as if they'd sweep away
In anger all the monuments of earth.
I knew the shameful sentiment of fear
Once and once only; then, it seemed to me,
Some shadowy being of another world
Had taken solid substance and assumed
The form of man, distorted and uncouth,
To fright me with its hideousness. I knew
Full soon 'twas but a mumming, jabbering fool
Cutting fantastic tricks, and that a ghost
From the dim world of shadows could not come
To visit the pale glimpses of the moon,
Or play at hide and seek; and nevermore
Did fear make cold my heart or blanch my cheek.
Danger was lovely as the brightest maid,
And shrank abashed, as do the blushing girls
When lovers press too ardently for love.
The warrior *may* be noble, just and true,
His heart *may* beat responsive to the call
Of all that's just and generous, he *may* look
Upon the glittering sword as God's right hand
To smite the evildoer. There was one,
Whose bright career had just preceded mine;

He led a feeble people, and he laid
The sure foundations of the noblest state
That ever sun shone on. He did not love
War for its own sake, that he might be great,
Or that his name might be on every tongue.
He fought for peace, for equity and truth;
He fought for freedom and the rights of man;
For brotherhood amongst the sons of men.
His sword he wielded that its shining point
Might, like a star set up far off in heaven,
Shine in the darkest midnight of the world,
And give new hope to man. O, would that I—
But I will not cry out, regrets are vain—
Pile up the agony, Almighty God!
And hurl your thunders at my naked head!
But no, God curses none, I curse myself.
He sits serene above the moving clouds
And leaves me to myself. Myself am hell
And death, and judgment, and the undying worm.
If I could fight once more, call up the hosts,
That followed me so oft to victory,
To what a field I'd lead them! Where are they?
Yonder they troop, but all so far away
They'd hear not if I called, obey no more
The word their Emperor would speak. Shadows,
They move and vex my sight—shadows of fire.
Let me not rave, but go back to the days
When young ambition first began to work
Upon the mind, and form its impulses;
When glory, with its brilliant, rainbow hues,
Spanning the cloud that o'er the future lay,
Shone with a magic splendor, thrilled my heart,
And made me eager for the time to come

When I could weave its rays about my head
And dazzle gazers with its brilliant beams.
My heart grew weary waiting, but at last
Swift revolution came and touched the world—
A fettered giant lying still in sleep—
And, first of all the nations, moved fair France,
And she began to dream such glorious dreams,
Bright dreams of equity, of peace and love,
Equality, Fraternity, the Golden Age;
And she awoke to find herself a slave,
Bound, hand and foot, amid a world of slaves.
Her bright dreams fled, and she arose in wrath,
And smote her tyrants till her cities' streets
Ran red with blood, and everywhere her vales
Were filled with armed men trooping to the wars,
Crying 'Fraternity and death to kings.'
Fair Liberty, her garments dipped in blood,
And her eyes dim and blinded with her tears,
Fled to far wildernesses, or the stars.
And then I came and seized the helm of State—
My opportunity had come at last.
Soon all the millions of fair France were mine,
And Europe trembled at my lightest word.
The nations did my bidding, all save one;
Perfidious Albion, on her sea-girt isle,
Laughed in derision at the glorious crown
That girt my brows. And all the battle-fields
On which fair victory on my standards perched,
Seemed ever vain, till one was fought with her,
In which her banners could be trailed in dust,
And her right arm be broken like a reed.
But Albion's isle, surrounded by its waves,
Remained intact. Year after year I hoped,

And labored hard to be prepared to launch
Vast armaments upon her treacherous sea,
Whene'er the favorable moment came,
To strike upon her shores. But she remained
The mistress of the ocean, and her ships,
With their broad sails, still whitened every sea.
Her commerce fed the nations, while on land
Our armies met in conflict on the fields
Of every State in Europe. Everywhere
She was my foe; sometimes the only one
That, for the moment, dared to raise her head
In bold defiance of the Emperor.
Her gold was like the life-blood of the world,
Herself the heart that sent it surging free
Through all the veins and arteries of the frame.
Deathless herself and inaccessible,
She struck, and struck again, and struck at ME.
Only in her bright presence did my star
E'er vail its beams or hide behind a cloud.
The German boor, heavy with beer and sleep,
Moved my contempt, but Albion my hate.
The star of destiny that led me on,
Gave me prophetic warning that the sea
Held in its bosom, not my rock of strength,
But one of desolation and wrecked hopes,
Could I not break it into pieces. So I strove
To crush the rock, but it was adamant,
And when my hammer struck it, my hand fell
Weaponless and nerveless to my side.
It may be madness seized me, for I swore
Eternal hatred to the English name,
And under impulse of that deadly hate,
Did many things unwise, unstatesmanlike.

Turn where I would, I met this hated foe—
In Italy, in Spain, in Portugal,
In Germany, upon the Russian steppes,
In Egypt, India, in the Western World—
Her influence, like a nightmare, met my steps,
And checked and thwarted all my grandest schemes.
I might have conquered every land and sea,
And reigned supreme from East to farthest West,
Could I have crushed this one infernal isle,
And blotted England from the map o' the world.
Why should not *I* be ruler of the earth,
As well as any unseen, unknown God?
Why should not *I* have power absolute?
The maker abdicated long ago,
And left his throne vacant for any one
To sit thereon, whose will was strong enough
To hold the sceptre as a king should hold.
I had the right, as much as any one,
To fix the law of evil and of good;
My will was RIGHT, and all opposed was wrong;
Therefore, as God, and rightfully as God,
I sought to rule; all peoples who refused
Submission and obedience to my will,
Were rebels, and deserved to die. Why I
Sit here upon this blasted, burning rock,
With ghastly fire-shadows trooping far away
Across the plain, e'en as I see them now,
I do not know, and cannot understand,
Unless this is my own eternal throne,
Upon which I, a fallen mad-god, sit
In solitude, forever cursing all.
Why should I tell in full the history
Of my career, of my ascent and fall?

Of how my enemies increased in strength,
And grew in numbers till the world was full ?
And how they cursed one nation, noble France,
And chiefly one man, France's Emperor ?
You've read how, frozen in the Russian snows,
My millions perished, far away from France
And the warm fields of sunny Italy ;
You've read how, at the last, at Waterloo,
My star went down in everlasting night ;
You've read how I, caged on a rocky isle,
And vulture-guarded, drew a lengthening chain
Of misery with the revolving hours ;
These are the topics of full many books.
What brought me *here* I know not ; I am here
In solitude, and here no armies come
Moving in line, ready, at tap of drum,
To march to death for their loved Emperor,
Their Emperor no more, but fallen, fallen ;
Chained to a rock, where vultures with red beaks
Peck at his heart. O, that I, face to face,
Could once meet him who placed me here ! 'Tis vain
To call, to threat, to challenge to the field
Of combat, when the foe is but a breath
Of wind or more impalpable than air ;
I curse him, curse him, be he what he may.
Would he but slay me ! No, I want to live ;
The slow revolving ages as they pass,
By evolution's fixed, eternal laws,
At some time if I die not, do not yield,
(Death cannot touch the unconquerable will,)
Will bring me up the fittest man to rule,
As Emperor, that little globe called earth—
The fittest must survive, and I am HE."

An utter desolation reigned around,
And o'er the scene an infinite silence fell
As that unhappy being ceased to speak.
The murky cloud, that overhung the west,
Through which the lightnings fitfully had played,
Was now all dark and still. No breath of wind,
Nor sound, nor murmur, glided o'er the plain.
It was the stillness, the repose of death.
O, what an end for one that would be God!
He reigned in the wide solitude. Not one
Rebelled against his sway, or raised a voice
Against his tyranny, or made complaint
Of onerous taxation, or of wrong
In any way, or injury done by him.
And his domain extended without bound
On every side as far as he could see.
God touched him not, nor ever interfered
In any way, but left him to himself.
He would be absolute in his domain,
And he was so. Christ pity him, I pray.

THE GARDEN.

Adam and Eve, the parents of mankind,
When first created, as the story goes,
Were placed right in the midst, to tend and keep
The loveliest garden that was ever known.
The Tree of Life, and many other trees,
Whose fruit was most delightful to the taste,
And whose green leaves made music as the winds
Blew gently over them, grew all around.
So lovely was that garden that the name
Has been the synonym of all that's bright
And beautiful since that very time.
The sinless one, who suffered for us all,
Was walking in a garden when betrayed
By that disciple, whose poor, stupid brain
Could only apprehend the good that comes
From money-bags stuffed full of Cæsar's coin.
And in a garden His pure body lay
Without corruption, in a sepulchre,
New and unused, fresh hewn for Joseph's tomb.
Gardens are sacred places, or should be;
They should be planted—not with cabbages,

Beans, beets and peas, and other esculents,
To the exclusion of the beautiful,
But with all flowers and fruits that glad the eye,
And fill the air with aromatic scents,
Such as are loved by bees and butterflies.
And honey-bearing flowers and luscious grapes,
For these attract the swift-winged humming-birds,
And many tiny songsters of the fields,
As mocking-birds and thrushes, that will sing,
The livelong night, a pleasant serenade
For madam thrush when brooding on her nest.
And winding walks, bordered with greenest grass,
Like velvet to the tenderest fairy's foot,
Should lead to places, each one lovelier
Than that just passed, till, in the central spot,
A summer house or arbor, beautiful
As one can dream, should offer place of rest.
Thither should go, of pleasant summer eves,
The little boys and all the sweet-voiced girls,
With the house-mother, young as any child,
Though time has whitened her once raven hair;
And their clear rippling laughter should float round,
Here, there, and everywhere in joyful waves,
Rousing the echoes with their merry sounds.
Roses and lilies, and forget-me-nots
Should fold the fairies in their tiny beds,
In which they'd lie and sleep the livelong day,
Till sunset called them from their pleasant dreams,
To join the little children in their sports.
And it were well if near by flowed a stream,
Bordered with willows and the greenest grass,
Where well-fed cattle, resting in the shade,
Should patient wait the milkmaid's homeward call.

My dearest friend has such a place as this;
And there, when weary with the outside world,
When seeking rest, refreshment and repose,
I go, as to a green isle in a waste
Of sand far-spreading round me everywhere.
I never go in vain; clouds seem to lift
And let in sunlight where he is, as though
It drew to him because it found him kin.
One day when I had suffered overmuch
From heartache, from the bitter grief that springs
From disappointment in the worth of man,
I found him there, and reading in a book
Rich in the lore of ages; but he closed
Its lids as I approached, and bade me sit
Upon a rustic chair he placed for me.
A pleasant breeze sprung up and brought the sweets
Of many flowers to us; upon all sides
The world seemed resting in the deepest peace.
The noises of the city sounded faint
And far away, as though a gulf of space
Had dropped down suddenly between us two
And it. The strife and struggle of the world
Were like a bad dream that had gone away.
And left us only with the thought of pain.
The peace, the solitude, that fell around,
The calm, that settled over the fair face
Of earth, were favorable to highest thought.
Withdrawn from strife and cut off from the cares
That vex the toilers in the fields, and all
The marts of cities, we were like the gods
Of old, uplifted to Olympian heights.
But not contemptuously did we look down
Upon the ways and schemes of other men;

Not puffed up with the thought that we were wise,
Did we berate the follies of the world;
But, with a charity most large and full,
We saw much beauty in all common things,
And much of wisdom, much of clearest truth
In many things that we one time had thought
The foolishest. We found that every man
Was much like every other man; had much
Of human nature in his heart and brain;
That e'en the superstitions of the weak,
And follies of the foolish had the germs
Of truth and wisdom hidden in their core.
We talked of many things; world politics;
The growth of our own nation, and the hopes,
Now entertained by good and earnest men,
Of its most glorious future, when should pass
The dangers that now clustered thick around;
Turning at last to those absorbing themes,
That, ever, in all ages of the world,
Have roused the deepest and the strongest thought:
Man's destiny, death and the world beyond;
Whence came he, what his origin and end;
How much of truth in all the many forms
Borne by Religion in the thoughts of men.

I quiet listened while my friend discoursed,
As he, more deeply read by far than I,
Had clearer thought and could more fitly dress
His thought in wingèd words than e'er I could.
I know the soul of charity pervades
These thoughts, but whether absolutely true
I cannot say; 'tis you who read must judge.
He loved the truth, he loves it before all,

And charity, which is its very soul.
His own religion is, that God appeared
In form of man, in person Jesus Christ,
And that to Him man's worship is all due;
He is the first and last, the all in all,
And He inspires each soul's adoring thought,
Though that thought errs and blindly worships stocks
And stones, or heavenly hosts, the moon and stars.
So thinking, feeling, so adoring Him,
It is in sweetest charity he says:

"That all religions have their base in truth,
In nature, reason, and the soul of things,
I cannot doubt. The dark, benighted mind
Of the poor heathen in dim Afric's wilds,
That sees and feels, in the quick lightning's flash;
In all the elements that round him move;
In the bright sun, that rises in the east,
And moves with fiery splendor through the day,
Then vails his beams behind the car of night;
In the deep rolling thunder, God or gods,
Whose favor he should seek, has thoughts that breathe
And burn with the same impulses that move
The wisest of mankind. The worshiper of snakes,
Of stocks or stones, or any other thing,
Sees in that form the image of some God,
Benignant or malicious, who, he thinks,
Has power to harm or favor if he will.
All forms of old Religion everywhere,
All forms that dominate the minds of men,
In Christianized, or darkest heathen lands,
Are searchings for the hidden, inner world,
And for the forces that ray out from thence,

And for the powers that hide behind the vail.
They're feelings after, gropings, here and there,
Of children in the dark, who think there is,
Somewhere about, a hidden clue or way
To supreme good, that, haply they may find.
None clearly see—the brightest and the best,
Or those to whom the most of daylight comes,
Are groping all, and can but dimly guess,
Not clearly apprehend what lies beyond.
No Revelation ever perfect is,
Nor can it be until the time arrives
When we can feel, by inmost sympathy,
The truth and beauty of the voice that speaks.
Till then we only hear it with the ear,
And not the spirit, and are apt to think
It thunders, or we know not what it is.
We hear but hear not, neither understand;
Nor can we apprehend the written Word
In all its fulness, though as bright as day.
Truth vailed in words shines dimly and obscure,
E'en as the sun, behind a fleecy cloud,
Shines clear above but with a shade below.
And as the eye can look not on the sun,
But perishes with an excess of light,
Unless a darkening medium intervene,
E'en so the spirit could not bear the light,
The pure, white light of truth, did not the Word
Soften the intense whiteness of its rays.
And so the forms that we see everywhere
Of old Religion, whether east or west,
Are only clouds that vail the sun of life,
And show His presence by concealing Him.
He comes in clouds, He always comes in clouds,

And were there no cloud, He could not be seen;
The brightness of his glory would obscure
His presence and destroy the power to see.
The written Word, like some sweet, summer cloud
Before the sun, hides and reveals His face.
Have we His Word, and have not others too?
Are Indian Yogees in the utter dark?
And do the Hottentots know naught of God?
He walks in beauty over land and sea,
Touches the hill tops, whispers in the breeze
And rides upon the storm; and in low sighs,
Sighs felt, not heard by each fond mother's heart,
Breathes through the baby's breath the fondest love.

There is a heavenly city where God dwells,
And all religions that look up to Him,
Though diverse and so far apart, are ways
All pointing inwards to the golden stair
That rises ever upwards, on and on.
And he is wisest, who, in peace, pursues
The gentle, even tenor of his way,
Feeding the hungry, lifting up the low;
Helping, with kindest sympathy, the pale
And fever-stricken children of disease,
As neighbor helping neighbor, though he be
What we call heathen, knowing not our God,
Or one who hears the evening call to prayer
By muezzin from lofty minaret,
In Turkish lands, and lowly bends the knee
In worship of Mahomet; though he be
A fair Circassian, white as Alpine snow,
Child of the North, or dusky son of Ham.
To do is better than to say; to give

A cup of water to the fainting soul,
Is better than the noblest note of praise
That ever sounded from melodious pipes,
Or any prayers e'er uttered by devout
And kneeling worshipers in any lands.
The fairest Temple is the heart of man
In which sweet charity has made its home;
And he who knows not Christ, yet honors Him,
In doing good to those for whom He died,
Is far more Christ-like than the devotee
Who damns his neighbor to eternal pain,
And hates him, without cause, or for no cause
But that he worships God another way,
Or worships not at all. The devotee,
Who worships many images of saints,
Or bows in Brahma's temples, or adores
The fire as the best image of his God,
Yet keeps alive the flame, in his own heart,
Of that sweet charity that holds the cup
Of water to the thirsty lips, or gives
Bread to the hungry, or the naked clothes,
Is pressing closely to the heart of God,
And lives and breathes in His beatitude.
And beautiful as beauty's self can be,
Lovely as Love, could love take form and shape,
And walk abroad in the full light of day,
Is that pure spirit, full of heavenly thoughts,
Who sees a brother in each form of man,
Of any name or nation under heaven.

I walk abroad upon a morn in June,
While yet the air is fresh and sweet with dew,
And listen to the songsters of the grove,

The jay, the thrush, the merry mocking-bird,
And others still, whose names I do not know ;
While butterflies, with wings of blue and gold,
Fair Psyches, by the olden Greeks so called,
Flit by me silent as a soul can be.
I stand upon the brink of some ravine,
Glance down its sides o'erhung with heavy trees,
And hear the murmurs of a stream below;
Then looking up catch glimpses of the sky,
Blue, gleaming, shining through the dark green leaves ;
Far off, I hear the tinkling of a bell
Of cows, slow hastening to the meadows green,
Eager to crop the grasses moist with dew.
While thus enfolded close in nature's arms
It is not hard to fancy there may be
Fair Dryads hiding in the bosky dells,
Or sporting somewhere in the forest's depths ;
It is not hard to fancy that I hear
A Naiad's voice, low singing, in the sound
That rises from the murmuring stream below ;
Pan may be somewhere, not so far away,
And fair Diana, with her train of nymphs,
Chases beyond that hill a fallow deer,
Or bathes down yonder in the stream's blue depths ;
Apollo guides the chariot of the sun,
And golden-girdled Venus, queen of love,
Peeps from yon covert where she coyly waits,
Blushing rose-red, her truant love, Adon,
Hearing his hunting horn on distant hills.

So some young poet in the Grecian woods,
Dreamed of his gods on such a morn as this ;
The mystery and beauty of the hour

Did weave a spell that was too strong for him ;
He heard, not far away, the sounding sea,
As it broke gently on the glittering shore ;
Not far away, upon a curling wave,
Old Triton blew his many-wreathèd horn,
And Venus rose in foam-bells from the sea ;
And the far-darter and the huntress-queen,
And Jupiter, and all the Olympian gods,
In quick obedience to the magic spell,
Came forth in beautiful, immortal forms.

And so with all religions in the world ;
Their germ is truth, and whatsoe'er of false
Is found about them, rendering dark their bright,
Is a perversion of the central truth
Pervading all, whose essence is divine.
Great Zoroaster, gathering many thoughts
Of many wise men, who from oldest eld,
Yea, from the very first, had handed down
Pure gems of wisdom, wove a mighty scheme
Of thought, religion and philosophy,
As great as Plato's, greater far than now
The wisest of our wise men ever think,
And only pales in presence of Christ's thought.
He who adores and looks with reverent eye
On outward things, that kindle in his soul
The flame of worship, is a wiser man
Than one who worships naught, but probes and probes,
And seeks with reason's skill alone to trace
The plan of things. The worshiper finds God ;
Though he but dimly sees and apprehends
The all-pervading spirit, yet he finds.
The Reasoner, seeking to trace out the plan,

Finds naught but endless maze on maze; at last,
Wandering and lost, he says there is no God,
No Supreme Power, giving life to all,
But that, self-moving, nature does it all—
Matter and motion are the sum of things.

The Nirvana, the Indian mystic dreams
To be the highest good the soul can find,
Is the same state th' adoring Christian seeks—
Union with God and to be lost in Him.
The highest happiness we can attain,
The bliss beyond all telling, is to have
Our own life lost and swallowed up of that,
Which is the life of all. Is this not death?
O strange and wonderful, mysterious thought!
Annihilation is the greatest good
The soul can find; the death of selfish life;
The merging of the worshiper in Him
He worships and adores. He seeks to die,
To melt away in the eternal life,
Having no thought or purpose of his own,
Having no being separate from that
He worships so, his lover and his life.

And those poor creatures, sunk and lost in fear,
Who dread the unknown gods that live in winds,
In storm and lightning, and the hidden fires
That shake the earth and burst through mountain-tops,
And would appease them with the costliest gifts,
Seek, in a different way the same result.
Fear rules instead of love, because they feel
That, for some cause, dark and obscure to them,
They are at feud with all the secret powers,
And adoration lowers when it should raise.

The Red-man dreams of happy hunting grounds
Beyond the western sunset, where the hills
And vales are tenanted by many deer,
And where the musical, clear-flowing streams
Have many fish, and where, through forest depths,
Glancing from tree to tree like beams of light,
Bright birds, sweet singing birds are always seen;
All bathed in a soft, radiant, tender light;
All gifts of the Great Spirit, who surveys
With joy the sports of His red children there.
Thus, like a child, he shapes his thoughts, and hears
In the light winds, that breathe amongst the trees,
The whispers of the Great Good Spirit, when he looks
With smiling face upon the wooded hills.
He hears His angry voice in mighty winds
And stormy thunder-clouds, that roll along,
As black as night when neither moon nor star
Is in the sky.
'Tis thus to every race
The infinite Almighty Father comes,
And always seeking to make known Himself.
He is not partial, He loves every man,
Of every name and kindred under heaven,
All equally with infinite and ceaseless love.
The Moslem bigot is as dear to Him
As was that John who leaned upon Christ's breast.
The Parsee worships everlasting fire,
As the best symbol of the unseen God;
He worships it as purest of the pure,
The likeness of the One divine, and hopes
That, e'en as fire consumes all dross and filth,
So, at the last, Mithras, the burning sun,
Will with his fires consume all evil things.

The Aztec mother, when she named her child,
With clear, pure water sprinkled face and breast,
And prayed to God to take away its sins.

We should not think that all these varying forms
Through which the immortal soul gives voice to thought
Are only forms of error ; nor suppose
That one who worships the pure flame of fire,
As emblem of sweet purity itself,
Must burn forever in its ceaseless flame,
Because he knows not Christ. No, God is love,
And he who seeks for purity of soul,
Though erring in the method of his search,
Seeks Him, and like a magnet moves to Him.
Could one but question rightly this red rose,
Or any thing that lives and breathes, or shines,
In earth or sea, or in the heavens above,
One answer only would each creature give.
One answer comes to all of every name,
One answer, but all differently hear ;
To one it thunders, while another hears
A voice so infinitely, divinely sweet
It lingers in his soul forevermore.
The best expressions of religious thought
Are found, perhaps, in hymns and sacred verse ;
In these devotion grows most eloquent,
And adoration burns in every line ;
Not dogma, but the language of the heart
Informs the thought and finds expression there.
The mind has many organs, though 'tis one ;
The clearest reason cannot find all truth
Without imagination's dreaming eyes.
The reason sits clear-sighted, calm and cold,

Scanning each vagrant fancy as it comes,
Looking with eye austere on every thing
That bears not all the forms of solid fact,
And so it fails because too critical.
We *feel* that truth is true before we *know*,
We feel that it is true because 'tis good;
Then afterwards, the critical, clear thought
Lays hold and analyzes, tells the why
And wherefore of the truth we long had known.
'The vision and the faculty divine'
Pertain not to the reason; these are they
That give the dreaming spirit power to see
Beyond the surfaces and forms of things,
To that within the vail, where reason's eye
Could never penetrate, nor thought could go,
Without imagination's piercing power.
So let us turn to hymns and sacred songs,
And see what measures of religious truth,
If any, may be found expressed in them:

A PRAYER OF VASISTHA,

*A Vedic prophet, addressed to Varuna, the Greek Οὐρανὸς, an ancient name of the sky and of the god who resides in the sky. It is the 86th hymn of the seventh book of the Rig Veda.**

Wise and mighty are the works of him
Who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments (heaven and earth).
He lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven;
He stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth.

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*The hymns from the Rig Veda and Zend-Avesta were translated by Max Muller; the hymns of Homer by George Chapman, about the year 1600; that from the Chinese, I think, by Max Muller, though my memory may be at fault. The Christian hymns which I have introduced, indicate the sources from which they are derived.

Do I say this to my own self?
How can I get near unto Varuna?
Will he accept my offering without displeasure?
When shall I, with a quiet mind, see him propitiated?
I ask, O Varuna, wishing to know this my sin;
I go to ask the wise,
The sages all tell me the same:
"Varuna it is who is angry with thee."
Was it for an old sin, O Varuna,
That thou wishest to destroy thy friend, who always praises thee?
Tell me, thou unconquerable Lord! and I
Will quickly turn to thee with praise, freed from sin.
Absolve us from the sins of our fathers,
And from those which we committed with our own bodies.
Release Vasistha, O king,
Like a thief who has feasted on stolen cattle;
Release him like a calf from the rope.
It was not our own doing, O Varuna, it was a slip;
An intoxicating draught, passion, dice, thoughtlessness.
The old is there to mislead the young;
Even sleep is not free from mischief.
Let me without sin give satisfaction to the angry god,
Like a slave to his bounteous lord.
The lord god enlightened the foolish;
He, the wisest, leads his worshiper to wealth.
O lord Varuna, may this song go well to thy heart!
May we prosper in keeping and acquiring!
Protect us, O gods, always with your blessings.

HYMN

From the Zend-Avesta.

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura!
Who was from the beginning the father of the pure creatures?
Who has a path for the sun and for the stars?
Who (but thou) makes the moon to increase and to decrease?
That, O Mazda, and other things I wish to know.

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura!
Who holds the earth and the clouds that they do not fall?
Who holds the sea and the trees?
Who has given swiftness to the wind and the clouds?
Who is the creator of the good spirit?

I ask thee, tell me the truth, O Ahura!
Who has made the kindly light and the darkness?
Who has made the kindly sleep and the awaking?
Who has made the mornings, the noons and the nights?
Who has made him who ponders on the measure of the laws?

HYMN

From Lao-tse, the Founder of the Second Religion in China.

There is an Infinite Being, which existed before heaven and earth.
How calm it is! how free!
It lives alone, it changes not.
It moves everywhere, but it never suffers.
We may look on it as the Mother of the Universe.
I, I know not its name.
In order to give it a title, I call it *Tao* (the way).
When I try to give it a name, I call it *Great*,
After calling it *Great*, I call it *Fugitive*,
After calling it *Fugitive*, I call it *Distant*,
After calling it *Distant*, I say it comes back to me.

HYMN

From a later Vedic Poet than Vasistha.

The great lord of these worlds sees as if he were near.
If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all,
If a man stands, or walks, or rides,
If he goes to lie down or to get up.
What two people sitting together whisper,
King Varuna knows it; he is there as a third.

This earth, too, belongs to Varuna the king,
And the wide sky with its ends far apart.
The two seas, (the sky and the ocean) are Varuna's loins;
He is also contained in this small drop of water.
He who should flee far beyond the sky,
Even he would not be rid of Varuna the king.
His spies proceed from heaven towards this world;
With thousand eyes they overlook this earth.
King Varuna sees all this,
What is between heaven and earth, and what is beyond.
He has counted the twinklings of our eyes;
As a player throws down the dice, he settles all things.

The old Greek, Aratus, wrote:

Full of Zeus are all the streets,
All the markets of men;
Full of him is the sea and the harbors,
And we are also his offspring.

In the Samoyede epic poem Kalevála, Jumala, the god of the air, is thus invoked:

Harness now thyself, Jumala,
Ruler of the air, thy horses!
Bring them, thy rapid racers,
Drive the sledge with glittering colors,
Passing through our bones, our ankles,
Through our flesh that shakes and trembles,
Through our veins which seem all broken.
Knit the flesh and bones together,
Fasten vein to vein more firmly,
Let our joints be filled with silver,
Let our veins with gold be running.

PRAYER OF ASSHURBANIPAL,

King of Assyria.

May the look of pity that shines in thine eternal face dispel my griefs.

May I never feel the anger and wrath of the God.

May my omissions and my sins be wiped out.

May I find reconciliation with him, for I am the servant of his power, the adorer of the great gods.

May thy powerful face come to my help, may it shine like heaven, and bless with happiness and abundance of riches.

May it bring forth in abundance, like the earth, happiness and every sort of good.

FROM THE RIG VEDA.

He who gives life, He who gives strength; whose blessing all the bright gods desire; whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death;

He who through his power is the only king of the breathing and awaking world; He who governs all, man and beast;

He whose power these snowy mountains, whose power the sea proclaims with the distant river; He whose these regions are, as it were his two arms;

He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm; He through whom the heaven was established—nay, the highest heaven; He who measured out the light in the air;

He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by His will, look up trembling inwardly; He over whom the rising sun shines forth;

Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed, and lit the fire, thence arose He who is the only life of the bright gods;

He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; He who is God above all gods.

From the 10th Book of the Rig Veda we have this sublime hymn:

Nor aught, nor naught existed. Yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad roof outstretched above.
What covered all? What sheltered? What concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?
Then was not death—hence, there was naught immortal,
Then was no confine betwixt day and night;
The only One breathed breathless in itself,
Other than it there nothing since has been.
Darkness then was, and all at first was vailed
In gloom profound—an ocean without light.
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.
Then first came Love upon it, the new spring
Of mind—yea, poets in their hearts discerned,
Pondering, this bond between created things
And uncreated. Comes this spark from earth,
Piercing and all-pervading, or from heaven?
Then seeds were sown, and mighty power arose—
Nature below, and Power and Will above.
Who knows the secret? Who proclaimed it here?
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
He from whom all this great creation came,
Whether His will created or was mute,
The most High Seer, that is in highest heaven,
He knows it—or perchance e'en He knows not.

From the Rig Veda, ix, 113:

A PRAYER FOR IMMORTALITY.

Where the imperishable light is,
The world in which heaven is placed,
In that immortal and eternal world,
Place me, O Soma!

Where Vaivasvata is king,
Where there is the stronghold of heaven,
Where the great waters are,
There make me immortal!

Where life is free,
In the third heaven of heavens,
Where all places are full of splendor,
There make me immortal.

Some Hymns of Homer:

TO PHŒBUS.

O Phœbus! even the swan from forth her wings,
(Jumping her proyning-bank,) thee sweetly sings
By bright Peneus' whirl-pit-making streams.
Thee, that thy lute makest sound so to thy beams;
Thee, first and last, the sweet-voiced singer still
Sings; for thy song's all-songs-transcending skill.
Thy pleasure, then, shall my song still supply,
And so salutes thee, King of Poesy.

TO NEPTUNE.

Neptune, the mighty marine God, I sing;
Earth's mover, and the fruitless ocean's king;
That Helicon and th' Ægean deeps dost hold;
O thou earth-shaker; thy command two-fold
The gods have sorted; making thee of horses
The awful tamer, and of naval forces
The sure preserver. Hail, O Saturn's birth,
Whose graceful green hair circles all the earth;
Bear a benign mind; and thy helpful hand
Lend all, submitted to thy dread command.

TO JOVE.

Jove now I sing; the greatest and the best
Of all these Powers that are with Deity blest;

That far-off doth his dreadful voice diffuse,
And, being king of all, doth all conduce
To all their ends. Who, (shut from all things else
With Themis, that the laws of all things tells,)
Their fit composures to their times doth call ;
Weds them together, and preserves this all.
Grace then, O far-heard Jove, the grace thou'st given,
Most glorious, and most great of earth and heaven.

TO EARTH, THE MOTHER OF ALL.

Mother of all things, the well-founded earth,
My muse shall memorize ; who all the birth
Gives food that all her upper regions breed ;
All that in her divine diffusions feed
In under continents ; all those that live
In all the seas ; and all the air doth give
Winged expeditions ; of thy bounties eat;
Fair children, and fair fruits, thy labour's sweat;
O great in reverence ; and referred to thee
For life and death is all the pedigree
Of mortal humans. Happy then is he
Whom the innate propensions of thy mind
Stand bent to honour. He shall all things find
In all abundance ; all his pastures yield
Herds in all plenties ; all his roofs are filled
With rich possessions ; he, in all the sway
Of laws best ordered, cuts out his own way
In cities shining with delicious dames ;
And takes his choice of all those striving flames.
High happiness and riches, like his train,
Follow his fortunes, with delights that reign
In all their princes. Glory invests his sons ;
His daughters, with their crowned selections
Of all the city, frolic through the meads ;
And every one her called-for dances treads
Along the soft flower of the clover grass.
All this, with all those, ever comes to pass,

That thy love blesses, goddess full of grace
And treasurous angel t' all the human race.
Hail, then, great mother of the Deified kind,
Wife to the cope of stars! sustain a mind
Propitious to me, for my praise; and give,
Answering my mind, my vows fit means to live.

Some Psalms of David:

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

PSALM CXXVI.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.
Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing:
Then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.
The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.
Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Hymns of the Christian Church :

FROM THE GREEK OF CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

Translated by Edward P. Weston. The oldest Christian Hymn extant.

Christ of tender lambs the Leader,
Shelter of each nestling bird,
Of our young the Guide and Pleader,
Let our song to Thee be heard ;
While sweet praises each voice raises
To the everlasting Word.

King of Saints, the all-prevailing
Message of the Father's grace,
Lord of wisdom, grief-assailing,
Saviour of our mortal race ;
Shepherd Jesus, guide and lead us
To thy heavenly pasture place!

Fisher in the sea of mortals,
Whom thy grace alone can save,
Luring us from sin's dark portals,
Luring from the hostile wave ;
With thy life so sweet and tender,
Save thy saints, O Christ, we crave.

Lead, O King, to life eternal,
In the footsteps thou hast trod,
In the heavenly way supernal,
Strength of those who worship God ;
Fount of mercy, Virtue's author,
Lead us with thy staff and rod.

For thy lonely life of teaching
Find thou here thy blest reward,
While the children, heavenward reaching,
Sing the praises of their Lord ;
Children tender, their Defender
Praising in divine accord.

THE FLOWER.

By George Herbert.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns ! ev'n as the flowers in Spring ;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse ? It was gone
Quite under ground ; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell,
And up to heaven an houre ;
Making a chiming of a passing bell,
We say amisse,
This or that is :
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and growing thither :

Nor doth my flower
Want a Spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes and I decline:
What frost to that? What pole is not the Zone,
Where all things burn
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which, when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

MARIE MAGDALENE.

By George Herbert.

When blessed Marie wiped her Saviour's feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before,)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his steps should be the street
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humblenesse would live and tread.

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defiled?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sinnes are piled
Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soule, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne
To bear her filth; and that her sinnes did dash
E'en God himself; wherefore she was not loth
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet, in washing one, she washed both.

FROM ST. BERNARD

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, Oh! I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those hills of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight ever bright;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious light.

There is the throne of David;
And there from care released
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;

And they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.

FROM KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love;
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat,
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven—
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed, unswerving root;
Hope their unfading flower;
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of Heaven is like Thy grace;
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging Fire, the roaring Wind,
Thy boundless power display:
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only Sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

FROM "HYMNS OF THE TWO-IN-ONE."

While time is old, infirm and gray,
God's shining fills our eyes;
The glories of the latter day
Spring in the Lord's uprise.

While sorrows, rising as a flood,
O'erwhelm'd our mortal shore,
In all our flesh the Saviour stood,
Where Death usurped before.

Our dust revives; His life distills;
Our flesh He claims His own;—
His Paradise blooms there, and fills
Our frozen Arctic Zone.

These are the resurrection hours;
Nor ours alone the bloom
Of loves imparadised in powers;—
'Tis Earth that bursts her tomb.

Did the calm angels still the heart,
And ease the suffering clay,
That men might mingle dust with death,
And vanish through decay?

Was time one stream of flowing seas,
And man the breaking wave?
His life but combat with disease,
And conflict with the grave?

Dear Two-In-One, Thy bosom airs,
All fresh and full and sweet,
Fill us as when the bride repairs,
Her bosom's lord to meet.

Yea, so as one, with joyful heart,
And new-found blissful breath,
Heart mingled with his counterpart,
Finds God where man finds death.

From an unknown Author:

HYMN OF THE NEW GOLDEN AGE.

We have found Him, we have found Him,
Found the King and Prince of Life;

O! what heavenly joys surround Him,
Joys unmixed with evil strife.

Stars are shining, stars are shining,
In the clear blue skies above;
Night is bright at day's declining,
Bright with angels' looks of love.

Soon the ages glorious, golden,
In the future, earth shall see,
Brighter far than any olden
Golden ages used to be.

Then shall heavenly lines of beauty
Wreathe with smiles earth's aged face;
Joy go hand in hand with duty,
Labor wear the grandest grace.

Sing, ye happy-hearted fairies!
Sing all day ye winsome fays!
Passed man's dark and sad vagaries,
Passed for aye the evil days.

One thought, one purpose is the end of all:
To be delivered from some evil thing,
Some grief descended from the ancient time,
Some fear that haunts, coming they know not whence,
Some mystery to which they have no clue,
Some dread, pursuing, overmastering fate,
And then to be at peace—to find repose
And safety in the arms of the Supreme.

To be at one with Nature, or the Power
That rules in nature, is the guiding thought
That runs through all religions. Peace with God
Shall they not find at last, and be at peace?
We who have found repose and safety, rest,

The brooding wings of everlasting love;
We know that none are lost, we know that hate
Pertains not to the universe of things,
But to ourselves and others like ourselves:
And the deliverance men so much need
Is from themselves, the darkness of their thoughts.
Will it not come? O, thou Almighty Christ!
Thou standest waiting to reveal Thyself,
Not to three only—Peter, James and John,
In all the beauty of Thy matchless love,
Upon the Mount with those two men of God—
But to the lowest of the sons of men.

What joy to see the sweetly opening flowers,
To hear the birds sing, and to see the grapes
Hang in rich clusters on the clinging vines;
What joy to see our garden bloom like that
That flourished in the sinless days of old;
What joy to meet the Gardener standing there,
Beside the Tree of Life, and hear Him say,
'Eat freely, since you've learned the way of life,
By dying to all selfish hopes and fears,
And living in me as I live in you.'
What joy ineffable to walk abroad
At morn, or noon, or in the evening hours,
Companioned by the angels, as men walked
In the beginning when the world was young;
What joy to know that we have passed within
The pearly gate, whereby the angel stands
With flaming sword to guard the way of life;
These joys are ours; we've entered the New Life;
We feel the pulses of the breathing world;
We hear once more the music of the spheres,

As they move singing through profoundest space.
And sitting here, as we sit here to-day,
Beneath the shelter of this vine clad bower,
And listening to the thrushes as they sing
Their songs about us from their happy throats,
We're conscious of a PRESENCE drawing near,
Breathing upon us, whom we must not see,
Yea, whom, indeed, we cannot see, but feel,
THE REVELATION OF THE INFINITE."

Then silence fell—silence so deep and still
We could hear nothing in the world except
The soul of nature speaking to our souls.
We'd passed into the world of harmony
Within the vail, and time and space were not.

WITHIN THE VAIL.

Sacred to the Memory of E. M. W.

Died June 27th, 1877.

Once, standing by a little grave, I cried:
"O, could I translate into common speech
The dreams of angels, or of this pure child!"
'Tis not impossible, since she has died!
Her being was a part of my own life;
It now has passed into the universe,
Hidden forever from our mortal eyes.
O, happy earth, and happy elements!
And happy thou, sweet circumambient air!
Ye have received again the brightest soul
That ever came from God. We cannot grieve,
We must not grieve that she has disappeared
And passed into the mystic inner world;
She is immortal, nor can any pain
Or sorrow touch her, ever, any more.
But though she's gone and passed away from sight,
She is mine still. And now, the gentle winds
As they move round me speak with her own voice,
And kiss my face with her caressing touch.
She is not dead; ah, no, she is not dead;

She cannot die, but she has laid aside
This coarse, material vestiture of clay,
And put on other garments, finer far
Than e'er was wove in any loom of earth;
Finer than gossamer or subtlest air.
She was the very sweetest child of earth,
The finest and the purest; now she's gone
To be a medium, from the inner world,
Of holy thoughts to those who loved her here.
And she is helping me translate the dreams
Of angels into common speech of earth.
Herself is one, and she left me for this;
And she has opened, or has helped to ope
The mystic way; she helps me be a part
Of nature's own sweet, universal life,
As she herself is. She has put aside
The vail of Isis—bade me look within
The inner court, and see the goddess' face.
And if I worship *her*, it is no sin,
For she was love incarnate. She is now
That love diffused through universal life,
That has assumed so many different forms
In different ages and to different minds.
By her the vail is lifted, and I see
Through her dear eyes the riddles of the world;
And so through her, for she is love, I grow
More perfectly, from day to day, at one
With all of nature that is pure and good.
To me she's Isis, or whatever name,
Yessa, or Cybele she may be called.

We're just like little children in a school;
Years, with swift changes and development,

Pass like the shadows in a mighty dream,
And lo! at last, we move in realms of thought
Where once our trembling steps dared not to go;
The vail is lifted by some gentle hand,
Hers, doubtless, that had always led, and lo!
Isis appears, or 'tis perhaps herself.
Then we become the true interpreters
Of nature to our fellows. She is near.
Her voice is in the whispering winds; her eyes,
Tender and true as any angels' are,
Shine in the lowly wayside violet.
And we are led by her, by her sweet hand,
Through lovely, magical, mysterious ways,
To that pure fountain of intelligence,
Where doubt, nor any dark, perplexing thought
Can ever come. Purged from all film, the eyes
Shine with new lustre; all the senses thrill
With pure sensations never known before.
The dark, perplexing inequalities
Of life, its labors, and its griefs and fears,
Grow radiant with a golden light that hides
Their ugliness, and makes them beautiful.
A new and magical, mysterious charm
Rests on the face of nature, and is heard
In low, sweet tones, as though we dreamed we heard;
Or, like the recollection of a dream
We had, when our sweet mother sang to us
In babyhood asleep upon her knees.

How sad the heart is when our friends depart;
We have them for awhile, and then they're gone,
Vanished from earth, just as from the blue sky
A little cloud, bright with the loveliest hues,

Moved by a puff of wind, is gone for aye.
So they depart and we see them no more;
The old, the young, the middle-aged depart,
Vanished like lights extinguished, leaving dark
The homes wherein they dwelt. Six years ago—
But why call up the past since she has gone?
I cannot bring her back, nor would I now;
I, too, will go the journey she has gone.
'Tis well to go, if I can be like her,
Pure and immortal, without touch of pain
Or sorrow that can hurt me any more.
'Tis well to die, if, when we pass away
We help to beautify this outer world.
I do not doubt that the pure thoughts she has
Become embodied in all lovely things,
And that you rose is sweeter since she died.

She taught me this, that we should dominate
The elements, and not be ruled by them.
"Do you not know," she said, "that thoughts are things?"
That all the power that is, is in the thought?
That were the thought withdrawn, the thing would die
And vanish from existence, like a light
Blown out like this?" And as she spake she blew
Lightly the lamp she held, and lo! the light
Was gone. "And so," she said, "would disappear
The universe did God withdraw His thought."
Nature is but the outer form assumed
By the indwelling soul. Good thoughts and pure,
Quicken the springs of being and help clothe
Hillsides and valleys, all the woods and fields,
And birds and beasts in beauty pure and bright;
All evil thoughts breed foul and creeping things,

And send a stream of poison through the veins
Of nature, causing blight and sure decay.
So Pantheism, in a sense is true—
Not that which makes the universe all God,
And God the sum of nature ; that is false,
But O, most beautiful and true is this—
The Pantheism of the lover, who can see
The eyes of his belovéd in the stars
That shine in heaven, and who can hear her voice
In all the winds, in all melodious sounds,
In songs of birds, in nature's every tone.
This is, indeed, most beautiful and true,
For she is good and goodness is divine,
And goodness dwells in every bright, sweet flower,
Shines in the light of every twinkling star,
Rounds the bright rain-drops, fills the morning dew
And tunes the throats of the sweet singing birds.

Would that all poets' hearts could be kept pure
O, what a glorious era would begin !
No longer would the siren song be heard,
The song of lust, that lures unwary youth
To death and ruin, but pure, holy love
Would find expression in such ravishing strains,
And so inspire the poets' every song,
Angels themselves would not disdain to hear.
What mighty inspirations would descend !
What grand, magnificent, immortal verse,
Fluent as lightning, sweet as the windharp's strain,
And soul subduing as the voice of God !
These would awaken in the hearts of men
Pure aspirations, happy thoughts and hopes,
Not idle, of a noble, perfect state

To be attained and realized by them,
And so the work would be accomplished, so
Society would be transformed and made
After a pattern that could never change,
Save from one fashion to a better still.
Such is your work, O poet! such the work,
Prophet of God! to be performed by you.

'Tis said that Orpheus, with his wondrous strains,
Charmed the wild beasts to wait and follow him,
And charmed the raging winds and waves to peace,
And charmed the triple-headed Cerberus,
Guardian of hell, to let him freely pass,
Charmed hell itself, so that Ixion's wheel
Stood still a moment, and sad Tantalus
Drank one sweet drop of water, Sysiphus
Rested awhile upon his round smooth stone,
At the hill's foot, forgetful of his woe.
Greater than Orpheus must the poet be;
'Tis his to charm with his inspiring verse
The hearts of men, till they forget all thought
Of evil, or but only think of it
As some bad dream that can return no more.

She helps me to these thoughts since she has gone.
She was so lovely here, and she is now
With that eternal Beauty whence proceeds
Each form of beauty that we see; a part
Of that pure Fountain of intelligence
From which all wisdom comes. She draws aside
The vail and I have looked within. I see
Through her dear eyes, the mystic link that binds
Earth and the spheres, God and the souls of men.

And, listening as she bids, I hear, at times,
Voices that speak, and holy words, that come,
Seemingly from out the elements,
But are the dreams of angels and their thoughts,
Translated by her into common speech.

Love is the secret of the universe,
And love became incarnate. God is love.
The good man, of whatever name or creed,
Mahometan or Pagan, Greek or Jew,
Or follower of Jesus, called the Christ,
Rises to oneness with the Supreme Good;
Master of fate and all opposing powers,
At one with the eternal, he fears not,
He *cannot* fear, for he has passed the bounds
And limitations of the mundane sphere
In which fear dwells, and his abode is now
The bosom of the Father.
Child! my Child!
As the magnetic needle to the pole,
So my heart turns and trembles towards thee.
Thy home is in the Father's bosom. Come,
Stay with me now a little while and let
The sweetness of thy presence cheer my heart
With thy divine affections. What is death
That it should take and hide thee from my sight?
I, too, have passed death's bounds, I, too, have stood
On the eternal shore. Thy hand has led,
Thy voice has cheered me through the gloomy vale,
And we have met in heaven where we meet now.

GENERAL CONCLUSION.

Here the work ends. I find that words are weak;
They vail and hide, sometimes, the thing I wish
To set forth most distinctly to the eye.
But the plain statement of the simple facts
Seems, to the sensual hearer, like a tale
Told by a dreamer telling foolish dreams.
But is there anything too wonderful
For us to see, and know, and realize,
Since God became incarnate, and came down
And showed Himself on earth and lived as man?
If He did this, be sure the promises
He made us then will be most truly kept.
And if He walked upon the fluid sea,
Or raised the dead, or cast the demons out
From those possessed, and gave them health and strength,
He'll surely keep the promise made to us,
Who worship Him and follow in His steps.

The fatal error of the scientists,
And of all others of like schools of thought,
Consists in this, that they wipe out the line
Of demarcation between right and wrong.
This is the sin against the Holy Ghost,
For which there's no forgiveness anywhere;

They cannot be forgiven, because they
Have closed their hearts against the supreme light
That lightens all that come into the world;
Seeing no sin or evil, they can see
No need to be forgiven; all is well.
And so they pass into phantasmal realms,
And all their science leads them more astray,
Since they have missed the one essential truth.
But, now and then, they herald a great truth,
Or think they do, that sets the world on fire;
They think, poor fools, they've found the source of life
In protoplasm, or some other thing,
And that they'll need God never, nevermore,
Nor need to pray, nor ask for anything,
Since all things come and pass away just so,
And circling move in one eternal round.
'Tis very pitiful it should be so;
'Tis sad that e'er a mirage should be thought
Cool water sparkling in the midday sun;
'Tis sad that man should seek to quench his thirst
From springs that seem to be of water cool,
But are jets only of the fire of hell;
'Tis very pitiful, but so it is.
We rise or fall just as we choose to do;
We give ourselves to beauty and to life,
Or sink into the region of decay,
Where empty shadows, in a world of shades,
Seem firm and solid as a granite stone.
Heaven comes to us if we will have it so,
And we can walk, surrounded on all sides
By sinless people from the upper world;
Hell comes to us if we will have it so,
And all delusions and all fantasies

Come gathering round in bright, fantastic forms.
We make our world, we make our heaven or hell;
We walk with God and rest within His arms,
Encompassed by the pure beatitudes
That His own bright, immortal angels know;
We walk with Satan, and he bears us on,
From lurid cloud to storm-tossed, lurid cloud,
In wild magnificence that demons know,
Just as we choose.
But all words fail me now;
They fail me to express the inmost thought
That rises, star-like, in the heaven of song.
Words fail me quite, and I can write no more;
They fail me; I must put the pen away,
And close the book, and let the thoughts I've writ
Go forth like seed sown on the wide, wide world.
God grant that some may fall on good, rich ground,
And spring and grow up, bearing many fold,
That may be gathered to the granary, when
He gathers in His harvest of the world.

So ends the book, and soon my life will end;
"The work that I was born to do is done;"
I'm passing to the sere and yellow leaf;
My song is sung, its echoes die away
And close in silence; but I hope 'twill be
Dear always to some hearts, both old and young—
"Dear as remembered kisses after death."

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